

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

MARCH, 1888.

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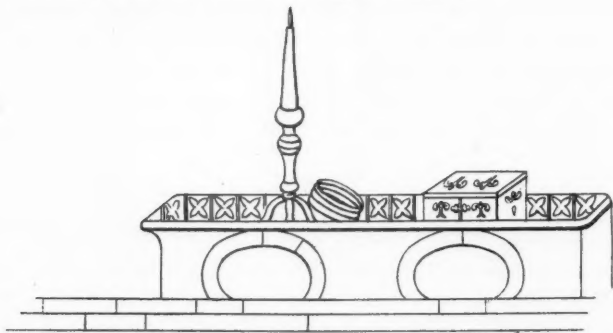
The Relics of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

IT is interesting to see how the name of St. Thomas retains some of its charm for the English people. To Catholics he is especially dear, for he was the champion of the cause of the Pope, and for that reason selected for special and personal insult and outrage by the royal enemy of the Pope. Perhaps there has hardly been a saint in Christendom whose relics have been so highly prized as his. When therefore the newspapers said, first hesitatingly and then more positively, that the hiding-place of his relics had been discovered in Canterbury Cathedral, and that there were his bones exposed to view, the rumour, even though little credited, would be sure to attract the attention of Catholics. What is singular in the case is the widespread interest excited in those who are not Catholics; in some of course on purely antiquarian grounds, but in others, it would appear, with some intermixture of feelings of veneration and affection.

The place where the stone coffin lay, of which so much has been said, is a very remarkable one. It was in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, and perhaps it might be said, in the place of honour in the crypt. It was between the altar of Our Lady of Undercroft and the site of the tomb of St. Thomas.

A few words are wanted respecting that very noble crypt, and the uses to which it was put in Catholic times. Each part has its own interest. The crypt under the choir was built in St. Anselm's time by Prior Conrad, and the eyes of St. Thomas have rested on the pillars and arches that we now see. The date of this part of the crypt is from 1096 to 1100. At the east end of it, under the high altar, stood the altar of Our Lady of Undercroft. Still further eastwards is the crypt under the Trinity Chapel and Becket's Crown, built between 1179 and 1184. The old crypt in the time of St. Thomas did not extend so far to the east. There was then nothing beyond the Chapel of the Blessed Trinity behind the high altar, and in the present crypt the old wall has been found, showing that the

chapel had then a square end. Against that end wall there stood in the more ancient crypt two altars, those of St. John the Baptist and St. Augustine; and before these altars St. Thomas was buried on the day after his martyrdom in 1170, with the central column that supported the vaulting at the foot of his tomb; and there his body remained for fifty years. The choir was burnt down in 1174—Conrad's "glorious choir," it was called—and it was rebuilt as we now see it, during the next ten years. The choir was lengthened, and a second column to support the vaulting was introduced, so that there were two, one at the head and the other in the old place at the foot of the tomb. Those two columns are still there, to indicate to us exactly the position of the original tomb of St. Thomas. What the tomb looked like we may know from the pictures of it that are happily preserved for us in the beautiful windows that record the early miracles of St. Thomas. By the kindness of a friend at Canterbury we are enabled to put before our readers a sketch of the tomb, reduced from a tracing of the glass—



This represents the structure built over the original tomb, in the first instance for safety, in strong masonry, with two oval openings, through which pilgrims could creep, so that they could touch the coffin within. There was a space of about a foot between the top of the coffin and the roof of this structure. Into one of these oval openings or windows Henry the Second placed his head, while his bared shoulders were exposed to the *balais* of the community of Christ Church. On the tomb was placed the vessel or box containing the brain and blood of the Saint, which had been gathered up from the pavement of the transept where he was martyred. This box is, it is supposed, shown in the sketch; and in the stained glass

windows it is always coloured green. The pictures in the windows usually give a high candlestick on the tomb, and a coil apparently of rope, which it is conjectured is a votive offering of the cord by which madmen or possessed persons were bound, when brought to the Saint's relics for deliverance.

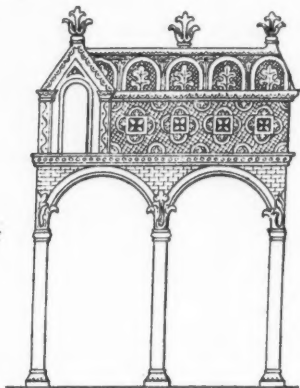
During the fifty years that elapsed after the martyrdom of St. Thomas, there were three places in the church which were devoutly visited by pilgrims on account of their association with the Martyr. The first was "the Martyrdom," by which name the north-western transept was called. Some important alterations were at once made in the architecture, including the removal of a column in the centre of the transept, in order that the view of the spot on which St. Thomas died might be better seen. A little altar was erected there, and as the point of the sword that inflicted the last wound, was kept on the altar, from that the altar took its name. We know what it was like from a singular carving representing it, which now fills a panel outside the south-west porch.



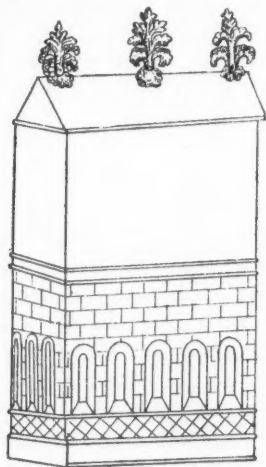
The second station was the high altar, before which the body lay all the night after the murder; and the third was the tomb in the crypt. Undoubtedly no archbishop could have selected a more honourable place for his sepulture than the spot westward of the ancient tomb of St. Thomas, to which so much attention has lately been directed.

And it would have been hardly less honourable in subsequent years down to the Reformation. The body of St. Thomas, it is true, was not left there long. It was transferred in 1220 by Archbishop Langton to the shrine erected by him in the new Trinity chapel immediately overhead — the shrine that was famous throughout Christendom for its magnificence, until in 1538 King Henry the Eighth seized and appropriated its treasures. Of the appearance of the shrine in its earliest days we may to some extent form a judgment by the help of the picture in the window close by where it stood, in the north aisle

of Trinity chapel, which glass is but a few years later in date than the shrine itself.



To this we may add a pen-and-ink sketch¹ of what the shrine looked like in the days of Henry the Eighth, after its spoliation. It is curious that the three great finials should still remain. They are marked on the sketch as "silver gilt, 60 and 80 ounces" respectively. It is not quite clear whether this sketch represents the shrine itself or its wooden cover. Of the two it seems more likely that it gives us the denuded shrine, more especially as the description accompanying it says that the lower part was stone and the upper part wood. On this wooden case the gold and precious stones were fastened.



¹ Brit. Mus. Cott. MSS. Tib. E. viii. fol. 269.

The body of St. Thomas was in the shrine, but until the despoiling came, no portion of the head was there. The portion of the relics in which a martyr has suffered, is always treated with peculiar veneration. The crown of the head was separated from the rest of the skull, and the Church of Canterbury therefore possessed two relics of the Martyr's head. The perforated skull was kept in a silver reliquary in the crypt at the ancient tomb, and there also the hair-shirt and drawers of the Saint were hanging—much as a knight's helmet and armour would hang over his tomb. The piece that had been cut out was in another, and far more costly reliquary, in all probability fashioned like a bust or head, kept in the beautiful chapel called "Becket's Crown."

There were, for the three centuries that the shrine of St. Thomas was in its glory, four stations in the Church connected with the Martyr that pilgrims visited, besides the high altar, Our Lady of Undercroft, and the shrines of the other saints. Indeed there would seem to have been a fifth, though that may have been in the sacristy, where, as we learn from Erasmus, many things that had belonged to the Martyr were shown.

In the wardrobe accounts of the 28th year of Edward the First [1299—1300], on the 23rd of February, offerings were made in the King's name of 7*s.* at each of the following places: "At the altar before the image of Blessed Mary in the Undercroft [*in vouta*], at the tomb where St. Thomas was first buried, at the crown of the same Saint, at the sword's point where the same Saint underwent martyrdom, at the cloak [*clamidem*] of the same Saint, and at the shrines of SS. Dunstan, Blaise, and Alphege;" in all 56*s.*: and then, besides the Queen's offerings and the Prince's at these altars, the King gave twelve gold florins [each worth 3*s.* 3*d.*] to the shrine of St. Thomas as commutation for pilgrimage [*chevagium*] for himself, for the Queen, for the Prince, and for his unborn child.²

The coffin that has been lately discovered was found buried but a few inches beneath the surface of the floor of the crypt, not many feet west of what, at the time when the relics of St. Thomas were unshrined, was the still venerated tomb of the Saint, where the larger part of his head had been preserved. It would not be easy to name a place that would have been more likely to have been chosen as a burial-place for precious relics, if the monks, who loved them and wished to save their treasure

² *Liber Quotidianus*, typis Soc. Antiq. Londinensis [1787], p. 29.

from desecration, had been free to choose a hiding-place or new burying-place for them. If we proceed to show that the bones that have been found are not those of St. Thomas, we will at all events not fail in giving full weight to any presumption that may be created by the character of the spot in which these bones have rested.

Some additional force is given to the presumption that the bones that were discovered, and have now been re-buried in the crypt, were the relics of a Saint, by the character of the coffin or coffer in which they were contained. The name of stone coffin on the whole is more appropriate than that of coffer. A coffer would hardly have been made twice as long as was wanted. It has the main peculiarity of a stone coffin, for one end was broader than the other; but still, stone coffins were ordinarily made with a sort of large trefoil to receive the head and shoulders, and this is entirely wanting in this case. Stone coffins have, I think invariably, a hole through the bottom, to serve as a drain, and here there is nothing of the sort, which seems to indicate that it was meant to be the depository of dry bones and not of a body. And besides, it is very narrow for a coffin, not being more than fifteen inches at the widest part, and this again seems to show that a body was not placed in it soon after death. Indeed, a full-grown man, as he certainly was whose bones were found, a man of five feet ten inches or five feet eleven inches, could not have been placed in it. And lastly, the lid was a thin slab, seemingly not made for the purpose.

It hardly seems to be a further argument to say that the coffin is extremely roughly cut and irregular in shape, and thus evidently made in haste in order to conceal what had to be hidden away without the least delay. Certainly time would not have been needlessly wasted in making a coffin twice as long as was necessary. To make a large stone coffin in a hurry was a simple impossibility. The piece of stone from which that coffin was cut would not have been found in a moment, and it would have taken a workman a long time to square the outside and chisel out the inside. Would it be too much to say that a couple of workmen could not have done it in less than two days? It seems more plausible to suggest that a badly made coffin, which was lying on one side in the stonemason's yard, was hastily appropriated for the purpose. The trefoil for the head and shoulders might have been cut out, though it is hard to see why people in a hurry should have spent their time in

doing so, when there was room and to spare in the coffin for all they wanted.

Another thing that militates against violent hurry is the curious little pillow of Caen stone, which was broken in two at the discovery by a workman's pickaxe. This was hollowed out like a pillow on which a head has rested. It certainly must have taken a little time to make, and it is not the sort of thing that people in a nervous hurry would have spent precious hours in making.

The existence of this stone cushion is a strong argument against the supposition that the bones were intended to be placed one on another in a heap in the way in which they were found. If the head was placed on a cushion, the bones were evidently intended to be placed in their proper relative positions. The conjecture that meets all the features of the case best seems to be, that the monks, having to unshrine some saint, brought this rough irregular stone coffin to the chapel where the shrine was, and then placed the bones in their proper places in the coffin, and carried it down into the crypt to bury it. There they dug for it a shallow grave. Into it the coffin was lowered, the head part first, and then, the foot of the coffin being still held up, the bones ran together over the head, the jawbone accidentally shot out and was picked up and placed in the now empty foot of the coffin,³ and the contents being left in this disorder, a thin flat stone was placed over the coffin to serve as a temporary covering.

Now the absence of hurry comes in here, in the consideration of who it was whose bones were thus interred. St. Thomas of Canterbury was the chief glory of the Church, and the magnificence of his shrine eclipsed the others. But there were several others, each one of which would in any other place have been considered a treasure beyond price. And these shrines were all despoiled and the bodies of the saints buried. If, when the shrine of St. Thomas was dismantled, the monks had wished to bury his bones, it is very probable that it would have been

³ Mr. H. G. Austin, the architect of the Cathedral, in his letter to the *Times*, has stated that this was not the fact. His memory has failed him in this little detail. I had it from the workman who took the jawbone from the foot of the stone coffin. I also heard him say that the leg bones were thrown forward over the others, and he held his arms over his chest to show how they rested on the bones beneath them. It is clear, however, that no part of the argument in the text depends on this theory of the coffin having been lowered head first. The bones may have been intentionally placed as they were found in one end of the coffin.

hurriedly done, but there was no reason why they should not have taken their time over the transfer to any burying-place they chose, of the bodies of St. Anselm, St. Dunstan, St. Elphege, St. Odo, or St. Wilfrid. The assault on St. Thomas was exceptional. He was rightly regarded as the champion of the Pope, and his name and the Pope's went together. If St. Thomas was buried, it would have been with the view of saving his bones from insult, and the burial would have been secretly done, with the nervous sense on the part of those who did it that they might be punished for showing sympathy with one whom the King held to be his enemy. In burying the other saints, the monks were performing a simple duty in accordance with the King's wishes, and they might proceed with it in as leisurely a way as they chose. This distinction between the case of St. Thomas and the other Saints of Canterbury suggests the further consideration that it would seem probable that for St. Thomas, if he were buried, an out of the way place would have been chosen as a hiding-place. A coffin a few inches beneath the surface in the most distinguished place in the crypt would much more naturally have been chosen as the grave of one of those saints whose burial there was no need to hide. Whose relics were those that have been lately found? St. Wilfrid is said by local tradition to rest in front of the site of St. Martin's altar. Was this St. Anselm? It is possible, though it is more probable that he was buried in the immediate neighbourhood of his shrine. If the floor of St. Anselm's chapel and that of the choir aisle near it does not contain the Saint's remains, there would then seem to be a strong probability that they have just been brought to light and re-interred in the crypt.

It is not unnatural that the first conjecture of some, when this discovery was made, should have been that the coffin contained the bones of one of the monks of Christ Church. About fifty years ago the land was lowered round the east end of the Cathedral, and as the ground cut away was part of the cemetery of the monks, some stone coffins were exposed. These were very properly transferred into the crypt and there buried. As they were laid only a few inches beneath the surface, it was a reasonable conjecture that another stone coffin, found not far off, the lid of which had also but a few inches of soil over it, should be one of their number, and therefore the coffin of a nameless monk. But those coffins are said to be well made and of the ordinary form; and then they were laid in the aisle north

and south, while this one lay east and west under the middle of the church. It is not likely that in 1838 any care would have been taken to place a coffin with the head westwards, but in 1538 that would have been done as a matter of course. The requirement of the Roman Ritual that priests should lie with their heads towards the altar, and consequently the opposite way to the laity, did not, it appears, prevail in England in old times; and therefore the position of the head in this case does not give us any clue by which to distinguish whether this was a layman or an ecclesiastic.

Be it granted, then, fully that the spot where these bones were found, and the fact that they were not in a proper coffin, both incline us to think that they are the relics of a saint. This remains to be established, that they most certainly are not the relics of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

First, this skeleton is very nearly entire, even the hands and feet are all there. If before this coffin was found, any one had been asked whether, on the supposition that St. Thomas was buried and not burnt, and his bones were now to be found, it was to be expected that scarcely a single bone should be wanting, he would have said that many places claimed to possess some relic of the body of St. Thomas, and that it would militate against any skeleton being his, if it were too complete.

Next, any student of the history of Canterbury Cathedral would have said that if St. Thomas was buried, his bones would be found in an iron box and not in a stone coffin.

Thirdly, St. Thomas was unusually tall, and these bones are said to be those of a man of five feet ten inches or five feet eleven inches in height.

Lastly we come to the crucial argument, drawn from the skull in the stone coffin, and from what we know of the skull of St. Thomas. And here our examination must be minute, as it is thus only that a negative can be proved.

The skull that was lately found was in several pieces. To me it seemed that the sutures had opened. This looks like violent usage after death, and that is hard to account for unless the pickaxe of the workman had caused the separation of the pieces. It matters little how the gaping of the sutures was caused, but it is worth remembering that St. Thomas had begun his fifty-third year, and by that age the sutures often disappear and the bone, especially of the back of the head, becomes consolidated.

The crown of the skull lately discovered is quite uninjured, but the left side of the head has a large hole in it, and a crack passes some little way further into the skull. The piece that is wanting is described as "the lower angle of the left parietal bone with the adjoining portion of the squamous part of the temporal bone ; making together a gap of about three inches, or a little more, by one and a half." The sides of this opening are irregular and jagged, and the fracture passes straight from the outer to the inner surface of the skull.

It is universally admitted that a piece of the skull of St. Thomas of Canterbury was separated from the rest of the head, and that the amputation was made by a sword. Two questions therefore arise in considering whether this was the skull of St. Thomas.

1. Was this hole made by a sword cut ?
2. Does it correspond with what we know respecting St. Thomas's wound ?

To the first question I am able to give an answer with much confidence, as Professor Stewart, Conservator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields, has given me his professional opinion, and has kindly permitted me to make use of his name. He says that if the sword were sharp and heavy and the blow were delivered vertically with great force, the result would be a clean cut into the bone of the skull ; and where the blow is given obliquely to the bone, as a vertical blow would be, striking the side of the head, that clean cut would slice the bone, making it, as the sword descended, thinner and thinner till at length the bone was pierced, a hole made and the brain exposed. The lower part of the wound, when the force was expended, would probably be jagged and splintered. This is on the supposition that the blow was vertical, as indeed it probably would be if the knight who delivered it had others about him, and wished to strike with all his force. But if the blow was not vertical, then in any case a wound made in the skull by a sharp sword would have a smooth sharp edge at least on one side.

Now this description of the effect of a sword cut shows plainly that the hole in the skull which has been so carefully examined was not made by a sword. It might have been made by a mace or a hammer or any other blunt instrument in life, or by a workman's pickaxe in the grave, but it was not made by a sword or any cutting weapon.

So far I have spoken as if there had been only one blow, but in reality there were four. "The holy Archbishop had four blows, and all of them on the head." This is the testimony of William Fitzstephen, one of his biographers, who not only was in the church at the time of St. Thomas's martyrdom, but boasts that he was one of three among his followers who did not desert him. But the head that we are examining has no mark whatever of any second wound.

To answer the second question, whether the hole in this skull corresponds with the wounds that we know were inflicted upon St. Thomas, it will be necessary for us to see what records we have of each of the four wounds received by the Saint. Now we can listen to Benedict, at the time of the martyrdom a monk of Christ Church, and present we are told among the Saint's most intimate friends. We can hear John of Salisbury, who was with St. Thomas at his interview with the knights a few minutes before they entered the church, and who was doubtless close by when the martyrdom took place. We have the account of Edward Grim, the Cambridge clerk, who held his arm up to ward off the first blow and was grievously wounded by it. We have the story told by William of Canterbury, another Christ Church monk, who ran up the steps to the choir from the scene of the martyrdom when he heard Fitzurse's cry, "Strike, strike!" Then there is William Fitzstephen, who claims for himself a fidelity to the Saint at the time of his martyrdom, in excess of all except Edward Grim and Robert, the Canon Regular of Merton, the Saint's confessor. And in addition we have the narratives of Herbert of Bosham and Roger of Pontigny, who were not there. Now all these witnesses vary in small details, just as independent witnesses would vary, and the variations are such as we should find even in eye-witnesses of a scene of fear and trouble. It is necessary to trace the history of the four blows, but the words spoken may be passed over.

As to the person who inflicted the first blow, William of Canterbury says that William de Tracy betrayed himself as having given it by boasting afterwards at Saltwood that he had cut off the arm of John of Salisbury, mistaking the person but marking the deed. Edward Grim, who earned the right to speak, says that by the first blow the top of the crown of the Martyr's head, which had been anointed by the chrism, was abraded. Roger of Pontigny says that this blow, falling obliquely

on the head, cut off the top, then fell on the left shoulder and cut through the vestments to the skin. The fatal work might perhaps have been accomplished by this one blow, if much of the force of it had not been spent on Edward Grim's outstretched arm.

The Martyr waited for the second blow with his head bowed, and Benedict says that when it came, it caused him to fall, and according to Benedict two other blows came when he was prostrate. Fitzstephen also says that the Saint fell at the second blow, but though he says there were four blows, he only describes three. The second blow was on the head, according to Grim, while the Martyr remained unmoved till the third blow came. Roger de Pontigny also describes his falling at the third blow, having stood still while both second and third were delivered.

The third blow, in Benedict's account, received as we have said when prostrate, "cutting off a large portion of the head, horribly increased the preceding wound:" and then, according to Benedict, Le Breton's blow was aimed at the same place, and being delivered with great force the sword was shivered on the pavement and the hilt flung down and left in the church. We have seen in the sketch of the little altar at the sword's point that the two parts of the broken sword were kept there. Grim's story is that the third blow brought the Saint down on his knees and elbows, and finally on his face, and that then Le Breton severed the crown from the head.

The best version seems to be mainly that of Benedict. The first blow caused a flesh wound in the head, and glanced on to the left shoulder. The second caused the fall, fracturing the head. By the third the whole crown was amputated; and by the fourth the crown was thrown forward hanging over the forehead adhering by the skin. This was followed by the frightful deed of Hugh of Horsea, well called Maucclerk, who placed his foot on the neck of the Saint, and with his sword drew out the brain and scattered it over the pavement.

This seems to be a reasonable harmony of the narratives, for after receiving the first wound, St. Thomas is said by Fitzstephen to have wiped the blood flowing from his wounded head with his arm, giving thanks to God when he saw the blood. This could not have been possible if the skull had been fractured, and as the force of the blow was broken it hardly could have been. Roger de Pontigny, who attributes the greatest effect to this first blow, says that St. Thomas did not fall till he was struck for the third time. It is in accordance with almost all

their narratives to say that one blow caused him to fall and that the next cut off the crown of the head.

We have seen that Benedict says that "a large portion of the head was cut off."⁴ John of Salisbury tells us that "the crown, which was anointed with the holy chrism, was amputated:" Grim that "the crown, which was large, the blow so separated from the head, that the blood was made white by the brain, and the brain was made red by the blood:" Fitzstephen that "the blood and brain were drawn out by the sword from the cavity of the amputated crown:" Herbert that "they struck and struck till they separated the crown of the head from the head." To these we may add two anonymous writers: one of whom says "their cruelty cut off the top of the head with the brain;" and the other "he cut off the tonsured crown, and amputated the top of the head." All this makes it impossible to think that the writers are speaking of a mere scalp wound as caused by the final blows. It was an amputation, facilitated by the previous fracture; and this, under the circumstances described, Professor Stewart considers to be perfectly possible. We are speaking of blows delivered with heavy swords by men who were well accustomed to their use, and nothing could be more favourable for the putting forth of their full strength than that St. Thomas should have stood before them, as he did, fearless and absolutely still, with his head bowed towards them. It is plain that the head of St. Thomas, who died of these wounds, will have looked very unlike the head with a hole in its left side, which has been thought to be his.

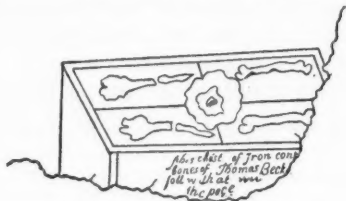
In this place it may be remarked that the brain could not have been extracted and scattered over the pavement by Hugh of Horsea, in the way described, if the opening were no larger than that in the skull found. The point of the sword could have penetrated the brain and have brought away some small portion of it, but that falls far short of the description.

The piece that was separated from the rest of the head by that sword-stroke, was, from the time of the Translation in 1220, taken from the head, and it was kept for especial honour in the beautiful chapel at the east end of the Cathedral which,

⁴ A remarkable proof of the tradition that the part of the head cut off was large, is given by the Lincoln Cathedral glass of the thirteenth century (1235), which is given in Mr. N. H. Westlake's *History of Design*, vol. i. p. 116. In this St. Thomas carries a portion of his skull in his hands, as the angels lead him into Heaven. Some of the very interesting miracles in the Canterbury glass of about the same date are also engraved in Mr. Westlake's work.

perhaps from the relic, was called "Becket's Crown." Prior Henry of Eastry, in 1314, spent the sum of £115 12s.—an immense sum at that time—in ornamenting it with gold, silver, and precious stones. This reliquary was itself in the form of a bust or head, and thus it may itself have been sometimes called "the head," as in the narrative of the visit of Madame de Montreuil in August 1538. But the head itself, in a silver reliquary, which left the upper part of the skull bare, was kept in the crypt at the tomb where St. Thomas was first buried. This we learn from Erasmus, who visited it there and described it, as he also visited and described the other treasures of the church.

For three hundred and eighteen years the two parts of St. Thomas's head were thus kept separate, but at length, on a sad day for Canterbury, they were brought together again. The shrine was despoiled, and the rich reliquaries were emptied of their sacred contents. Gold and jewels were wanted for the King's treasury, and the sanctuaries were stripped of the offerings of ages. What the Danes did in the days of St. Alphege, was repeated by a King who called himself the Head of the Church. In that evil day the monks had left to them the bones of St. Thomas, precious beyond gold and jewels, in the iron chest in which they had been placed by Cardinal Langton within the shrine. To these they now added the two parts of the head. This we learn from a pen-and-ink sketch of the interior of the box, the fellow sketch to that of the exterior of the dismantled shrine, a reproduction of which we have given already. It is in the British Museum, among the papers that served John Stowe the annalist as materials for his *Chronicle*. On it is a portion of an explanatory note, which is thus completed from Dugdale's Latin version of it by Dean Stanley.⁵ "*This chest of iron contained the bones of Thomas Becket, skull and all, with the wound of his death and the piece cut out of his skull laid in the same wound.*" In the following print the line surrounding



⁵ Stowe also gives it thus.

the rough sketch of the skull should be a circle, showing apparently some interior partition, corresponding with the straight lines that divide the iron box into quarters.

The question now arises, What became of the relics? It is currently said that the answer is not certain; but I think that we shall end with a probability that wants but little of certainty.

1. William Thomas, Clerk of the Council in the time of Edward the Sixth, wrote in defence of the proceedings of King Henry the Eighth, a book called *Il Pelerino Inglese*. The following passage from it is quoted by Dean Stanley: "The King's Majesty, that now is dead, . . . could no less do than deface the shrine that was author of so much idolatry. Whether the doing thereof hath been the undoing of the canonized saint or not, I cannot tell. But this is true, that his bones are spread amongst the bones of so many dead men, that without some great miracle, they will not be found again." The "undoing of the saint" must refer to his relics, for there is nothing else it can mean; and of this "undoing" William Thomas declares his ignorance, which takes away all force from the "But this is true," that follows. William Thomas is called by Collier,⁶ "somewhat an exceptional authority," and he adds that "by the account which he gives of Archbishop Becket, 'tis plain he was either bias'd, or grossly mistaken." This William Thomas was executed as one of Sir Thomas Wyatt's adherents. Collier says⁷ "that he advised assassinating the Queen."

2. Wilkins⁸ quotes Polydore Vergil, the Italian Dean of Wells, as saying much the same as William Thomas. The *Historiæ Anglicæ* of this author does not come down to the date of the destruction of the shrine of St. Thomas, and editions published after his death speak of it as "at this day the chief sight in England."⁹

3. John Sleiden, a foreign Protestant, may well be named early, as his book¹⁰ was printed in 1555. He says "Thomas of Canterbury was for some centuries held in great veneration by the English, and his body was enclosed in a shrine adorned with gold and jewels above measure. King Henry took him out this year [1538] and burnt the relics of his body."

4. In a "Declaration of Faith," given by Collier,¹¹ the follow-

⁶ *Ecclesiastical History*, London, 1714, vol. ii. p. 149.

⁷ *Ibid.* p. 362.

⁸ *Concilia*, iii. p. 835.

⁹ *Lib.* xiii.

¹⁰ *De Statu Religionis, sine loco*, 1555, lib. xii. fol. 284.

¹¹ *Collection of Records*, p. 36.

ing passage occurs : "Yet it was arrested [*i.e.* enjoined] that his shrines and bones should be taken away, and bestowed in such place as the same should cause no superstition afterwards. And forasmuch as his head, almost whole, was found with the rest of the bones closed within the shrine, and that there was in that church a great skull of another head, but much greater by the three quarter parts than that part which was lacking in the head closed within the shrine, whereby it appeared that the same was but a feigned fiction, if this head was burnt, was therefore St. Thomas burnt? Assuredly it concludeth not."

A fictitious value has been given to this ungrammatical passage by Mr. Albert Way, who, in his note given in Dean Stanley's *Memorials of Canterbury*, calls the document just quoted "the Royal Declaration of 1539." If it had been a Royal Declaration, though not necessarily even then conclusive evidence on a matter of fact in those days if there was a motive for mis-statement, it would have carried with it much weight, especially if the assertion passed uncontradicted. But the "Declaration of Faith" was nothing of the kind. It was what Collier calls¹² "a discourse drawn by some single hand," in other words an anonymous paper, which was unearthed by Collier and published by him for the first time in 1714, so that contemporaries had no opportunity of protest. Collier has no more to say for it than that it "deserves the reader's view," and then he more than proves his own criticism that "it is not altogether without mistakes." The writer is wrong, he says, about the abolition of mortuaries: on the suppression of monasteries "he contradicts matters of fact. . . The story about Becket's death is false," and so on. Dean Stanley's note from Mr. Albert Way is therefore misleading. Of the existence of a second head of St. Thomas in the Cathedral, there is not a word elsewhere.

5. Bishop Burnet¹³ says that it was "represented at Rome" that St. Thomas's bones were burned, "though our writers say they were buried." By "our writers," Burnet in this passage must mean William Thomas, and his copiers; for, omitting Harpsfield for the present, whom Burnet would hardly reckon amongst "our writers," we have the following, whom he would certainly reckon amongst them.

¹² *Collection of Records*, p. 172.

¹³ *History of Reformation*, Ed. Pocock, 1865, vol. i. p. 392.

6. "Somner saith that Becket's bones were burned to ashes." This is a footnote to the passage quoted from Pocock's Burnet.¹⁴

7. Honest John Stowe, in his Annals for September, 1538, after giving the note we have already transcribed from the Cottonian manuscript that he used, says, "These bones, by commandment of the Lord Cromwell, were then and there burnt." That is to say, the bones that were in the iron chest, "skull and all, with the piece cut out of the skull." Considering the date when he wrote (Stowe's first edition was published in 1565), and his habitual accuracy, is not this statement conclusive?

8. Fuller,¹⁵ who precedes Burnet in date, has the precise contradictory of Burnet's statement respecting "our writers." He has, no doubt, Stowe in his mind, but he speaks in the plural, that "the solemnity" of burning St. Thomas's bones and scattering the ashes in the wind "is recorded in our chronicles." And on it he makes a joke by calling it a *bon-fire*.

9. We now come to Harpsfield. Dean Stanley¹⁶ quotes him thus: "We have of late unshrined him and buried his holy relics." The book quoted by the Dean is Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*,¹⁷ but the *Life of Sir Thomas More*, printed by Wordsworth, is not Harpsfield's, but a compilation from Harpsfield and Roper by a Catholic, whose Preface, dated 1599, is signed Ro. Ba. The manuscripts of Harpsfield and of Ro. Ba. are both in the British Museum,¹⁸ so that it is easy enough to see (1) that Wordsworth printed Ro. Ba. correctly, and (2) that Ro. Ba. had misread Harpsfield, transcribing "buried" for "burned." Harpsfield's "Life of More" has not been printed. The passage in the manuscript¹⁹ runs thus: "Albeit we have of late (God illuminate our beetle blind hearts to see and repent our folly and impiety!) unshrined him and burned his holy bones, and not only unshrined and unsainted him, but have made him also (after so many hundred years) a traitor to the King that honoured him, . . . even as they have taken up and burned the bones of blessed St. Augustine, our

¹⁴ P. 247.

¹⁵ *Church History*, bk. vi. ed. Brewer, p. 425.

¹⁶ P. 254.

¹⁷ London, 1853, vol. ii. p. 181.

¹⁸ Harl. 6253, and Harl. 1302.

¹⁹ Harl. 6253, fol. 107.

Apostle, who brought the faith of Jesus Christ first into this realm."

Dean Stanley calls Nicholas Harpsfield an "unexceptionable" witness, as well he may. He was made Archdeacon of Canterbury in 1554, and when the Saint was unshrined, he was Fellow of New College, Oxford. He is therefore contemporary with the events he describes, and certainly, a man of the highest reputation. This "unexceptionable" witness gives evidence for the burning, not for the burying of the relics. And that not on one occasion only, for in a work²⁰ by him, published in 1566, under the name of Alan Cope, he asserts distinctly that the relics of St. Thomas were consumed by fire.²¹ It will no doubt be considered that the transfer of such a witness as Archdeacon Harpsfield from one scale to the other destroys the probability of the burial theory, and establishes the burning of St. Thomas's bones as an historical fact.

This fact may be well separated from the story that is told of a mock trial of St. Thomas as a traitor. That there was such a trial was, at any rate, believed by Pope Paul the Third, who speaks thus in his Bull *Cum Redemptor noster*,²² dated the 17th of December, in the very year of the despoiling of the shrine, 1538. "The bones of St. Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, which on account of the innumerable miracles there wrought by Almighty God, were kept with great veneration in the City of Canterbury in a golden shrine, when for the greater contempt of religion he had caused him to be called up for judgment, to be condemned as contumacious and to be declared a traitor—these bones he ordered to be exhumed, burnt and scattered to the winds." It is interesting to see that in the Consistorial Acts,²³ two months earlier in date, there is no mention of the trial, but only of the burning. "At Rome, on October 25, 1538, there was a Consistory. His Holiness made known a new savagery and impiety of the King of England, who had ordered the body of Blessed Thomas of Canterbury to be burnt and the ashes to be scattered to the wind, having despoiled the shrine, and the

²⁰ *Dialogi Sex*, published at Antwerp by Plantin. At the end of the book are the letters A. H. L. N. H. E. V. E. A. C., which mean *Auctor hujus libri Nicholaus Harpsfield, edidit vero eum Alanus Cope*. He was then in prison for his religion, and there he died in 1575 (Harpsfield's *Pretended Divorce*, ed. Pocock, Camden Society, 1878, p. 305).

²¹ *Dialogi Sex*, ed. 1575, p. 552.

²² Wilkins, *Concilia*, London, 1737, vol. iii. p. 841.

²³ *Annales Ecclesiastici* (contin. Baronii), tom. xiii. Lucæ 1755, fol. 494.

gold vessels and precious stones, the number of which in the shrine was great. Wherefore His Holiness deputed the Most Reverend Lords, the Cardinals Campeggio, Ghinucci, Contareni, and di San Sisto, to take council on these things and report to him."

It is hardly worth while to enumerate the authors who, like Sander, copy the words of the Bull. Wilkins²⁴ gives from Pollini²⁵ the citation to St. Thomas, dated the 24th of April, and from Hilliard the sentence dated the 11th of June; and he quotes Henriquez as saying that on the 11th of August a proclamation was issued by the King for the destruction of the shrine, which according to the same, was carried out on the feast of St. Bernard, the 19th of August. To this Jenkyns, in his *Remains of Cranmer*, objects (1) that on the 18th of August, Cranmer, asking Cromwell that an examination might be made into the nature of the blood of St. Thomas, makes no allusion to the trial or sentence; and (2) that the visit of Madame de Montreuil is related in a letter dated the 1st of September, and that the overthrow had not happened as yet.

The natural answer to these objections is that they turn entirely on the dates, and for the destruction of the shrine it seems only reasonable to accept Stowe's date of September, which is not open to the same difficulties. It must be remembered that the King's proclamation of the 16th of November, which forbade the King's subjects to call St. Thomas a Saint, which ordered his images and pictures to be pulled down, his name to be erased from all missals and office-books, and his feasts to be no longer observed, is a decree applying, not to Canterbury in particular, but to the whole realm. Its date is therefore irrelevant in this discussion. But it may be interesting to note the extreme severity with which the proclamation for the erasure of the name of St. Thomas was carried out. Dean Stanley says that this was done, not only in the missals and office-books, but even in the very documents that were kept in the Canterbury archives. A curious instance of the punishment of a priest for not obeying this command is to be found in the Privy Council Register²⁶ for December 20, 1540, where "Sir Thomas Horton, *alias* Baker, priest, Vicar of Calne in the county of Wilts, was sent up by Sir Henry Long, knight,

²⁴ Wilkins, *Concilia*, vol. iii. p. 835.

²⁵ So Henriquez says, but it does not appear in Pollini's *Istoria Eccl.* lib. i. c. 42.

²⁶ Proceedings of Privy Council, vol. vii. p. 94.

as suspect to be a Papist for having Thomas Becket's name in one of his books, and being examined before the said Council, and appearing as far as could be gathered to have left the same unput out of negligence rather than malice, was bounden in a recognisance of forty pounds as followeth, and so dismissed with a letter to Sir Henry Long, to see the same fulfilled accordingly. 'Thomas Horton, *alias* Baker, of Calne in Wilts, clerk, recognizes himself bound to pay forty pounds to our Lord the King, &c. The condition of this recognisance is that if the said Thomas Horton, *alias* Baker, do personally appear before the King's Justices of the Peace in Wiltshire at the next General Assizes of the Peace in the said shire, to do and observe such things as shall be there enjoined to him, and also do openly in his parish church cry the King's Highness' mercy, [ac]knowledging his offence and folly in not observing the King's Highness' injunctions, and do from henceforth from time to time observe and keep the same that then, &c.'"

To return to the story of the citation and trial of St. Thomas, it would seem that its truth or falsehood must rest on the probability of the Pope having been deceived in a matter of public notoriety, and that at a time when the community of the monks of Christ Church was as yet undispersed. And further, there is the grave consideration that the Pope's Bull was widely published, and King Henry and Cromwell would have desired to contradict its statements if it had been in their power to do so. The fact that no reply was attempted seems to militate strongly in favour of the conclusion that the alleged facts were true, and that no reply was possible.

JOHN MORRIS.

Shadows of the Passiontide.

O SHADOWS of the Passiontide!
How sadly o'er the world ye glide,
Until the fairest springtide beams
Are coloured with the blood-red gleams;
And falls the rain of crimson tears,
Unceasing, through the mists of years.

Those tears of days for ever gone
Are mingling always with our own;
The agony, the throbs of pain
Are echoed in our souls again;
Oh! wide the world, yet e'en as wide,
The shadows of the Passiontide.

But we who mourn and suffer now,
And 'neath the Passion shadows bow,
In every sorrow yet can rest
On our devoted Mother's breast;
The first great Heart that watched ye glide,
The shadows of the Passiontide.

To thee, O Blessèd One! we come,
To thee, who knew'st a blighted home,
To thee, O light of life! we turn
When dim the earthly torches burn,
When chill, and stern, and awful, glide
The shadows of the Passiontide.

Dear Lady! gentle Queen, to thee
The earth's full plaint of misery
Ariseth, while the weight of woe,
The burden thou so well didst know,
Is laid, sweet Mother, at thy throne,
That none may bear their grief alone—

That none may trace a lonelier way,
A drearier night, a sadder day;
That none may touch a heavier pall,
That bitterer tears may never fall
Than those which thou didst hotly shed
Over the Dying and the Dead.

O Eyes that saw in spring's young bloom,
The silver wreathings of the tomb;
O Lips that blent with spring's soft strain,
The herald notes of hastening pain!
O Heart that in the spring-time died,
'Mid shadows of the Passiontide!

Fond eyes, fond hearts, to thee we raise
Through all our lengthened passion days;
And calmer grow the sighs, the tears,
And lighter grows the weight of years,
Dear Mother, when we seek *thy* side,
'Mid shadows of the Passiontide!

M. G. R.

A Reminiscence and a Tribute.

IT is with a mixture of sadness and of pleasure that I avail myself of the indulgence of the Editor of THE MONTH, to write a few lines about one who for many years was well and honourably known to British and Irish Catholics, and who has lately been called to his eternal home. I am quite unable to give a complete memoir of John Edward Wallis, and as the reader will see, what I shall write will be, strictly speaking, what I have called it, a Reminiscence and a Tribute. It is a tribute, because I have to say, with a very grateful heart, that he contributed in very large degree to my happiness during ten important years of my life. I learnt a great deal of good from him, and never any harm. The services he rendered to the Catholics of the United Kingdom, make any words about him interesting to all. If it were not for this, all that affection could dictate would have to be given to those only who have most bitterly to lament their loss. I first made the acquaintance of John Wallis at a meeting of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, in the year 1844. The Society had not long been established in England, and there was still only one Conference which used to meet, under the presidency of the late Mr. Pagliano, at the Sablonière Hotel, in Leicester Square. If I remember rightly, he was introduced to the Conference by the present venerable Provost of Westminster.

I had frequently seen John Wallis before. He used generally to attend Spanish Place Chapel, as it was then called, and I often wondered who the young man was, who with a serious, if not to say somewhat sad pale face, used to walk along the gallery with a measured step, and give edification by his close attention to the service. I then little thought that he was one to whom English Catholics, and myself in particular, would owe so much. We became personally acquainted almost as soon as he joined the Conference. Our acquaintance

immediately ripened into a lasting friendship, and into an intimacy which never had any break until our paths in life became divergent. He was, when I first knew him, twenty-three years old. The first part of his college education had been at Prior Park, in its palmy days, not long after the college had been established by Bishop Baines. One of his masters was the celebrated Dr. Gentili; and I remember well how that holy man used in after-life to say with his strong Italian accent, "I love John Wallis." He completed his education at the University of Bonn, and left it without the slightest detriment to his faith. His mind was most essentially Catholic, and he was one of the best instructed Catholic laymen whom I ever met. After leaving Bonn, he came to London, and entered at the Inner Temple. He was extremely clever, and had made the best use of his time while at school. He was a diligent and conscientious student in the law. Outside the law, what he took most interest in, and what he was most fond of making a subject of conversation, was the state of the Church and of Catholics in England, and the position which young Catholic men should hold in regard to public affairs in general, and especially such as directly affected the interests of religion. Like many others, his thoughts were much occupied with "the Oxford Movement," which was then rapidly advancing towards its grand climax in the conversion of John Henry Newman. But all great questions of politics were matters of serious attention and consideration with him, though he troubled himself very little with them as mere party questions, and never was concerned about smaller matters. He took a large view of everything, no man had less narrowness of mind than he. While having an intelligent and decided opinion in affairs of importance, he always appeared to me to incline more to men than to measures. He was a great admirer both of Disraeli and of Sir Robert Peel, the latter as a great statesman, the former as one advancing to that position.

Disraeli had just published *Coningsby*, that is, in 1844; and certainly that original and interesting novel had a great effect upon Wallis. He would not belong to any club, partly for reasons indicated above, but chiefly because he was afraid of being tempted away from his favourite resort, the London Library in St. James' Square. He was well up in modern history; it was one of his strong points. There are, no doubt,

some still alive who remember his caustic, though friendly observations when any one showed what he considered great ignorance of modern history. This reminds me of the indignation, and, indeed, disgust which he could not restrain, when, after a fatiguing day of sight-seeing in Edinburgh, walking up from Holyrood, anxious to get home, one of his companions refused to stop at the corner of the Canongate, to look at the house of John Knox, on the ground that he did not care to look at the house of such a blackguard. But Wallis, of course, simply regarded the man in an historical point of view.

In the Society of St. Vincent de Paul he was a capital worker. He took great interest in the poor families whom he regularly visited, and was a useful member of the Council. He was a valuable member of the Society in another point of view. When it was first established in London, as it was something entirely new, a wrong impression was made upon the minds of many, that it was in the nature of a religious order, unsuited to young men in the world, to professional and business men, whereas it was men of these classes who originally founded the Society in Paris, and for them it was especially meant. John Wallis, by both energetic words, and steady example, contributed much to the dissipation of the mischievous idea.

The year 1848, was, as all the world knows, one of the most memorable in the century. One of the events in the United Kingdom was the break up of what was called the "Young Ireland" party. Until their ill-advised and ill-managed attempt at insurrection, Wallis sympathized with them. He admired them as a band of patriots of great talent, prudence, and persevering determination to attain their end; and there can be little doubt that if the counsels of the abler amongst them had been followed, they would have gradually regenerated their country, and a vast amount of misery would have been prevented. I do not remember that he ever called himself a "Repealer," but one set of his verses, if not more, appeared in the columns of the *Nation*.

John Wallis rendered a great service to the English Catholic cause in the years 1850 and 1851; during the temporary insanity of the British people occasioned by the act of Pope Pius the Ninth, in establishing the new Hierarchy in England. Three principal things were done in London, not, indeed, to stem the torrent, for that was impossible, but to enable us to be seen standing upright in the midst of it. There was an address

to Cardinal Wiseman, which was signed by almost all the chief Catholics of England; a large representative meeting in the Hall of the Freemasons' Tavern, and a "Declaration" of our rights and of our principles in relation to the question which had put the whole country into a ferment. Wallis had a chief part in composing the address to the Cardinal, and if he had not entered heart and soul into the movement from its beginning, it may be doubted whether, instead of being merely "lagging enthusiasts," as the *Times* called us, we should have let our enthusiasm ooze out, until it would have been quite too late.

But Wallis' masterpiece at that time was the Declaration. He did not wish it to be known then, and I think it was never publicly known, that it was composed entirely by himself. I do not think that a suggestion or a word came from any one else. It was a rather long document, lucid in exposition, bold in assertion, and unanswerable in argument. I regret that I have not a copy before me now: if I had, I might describe it more accurately. But its chief object was to show that the Holy Father had not touched any English law in the Letters Apostolic, that the agitation in England was unjust and unreasonable, and that "come weal, come woe," we were determined to abide by the action of our Chief Pastor. The Declaration was more numerously signed by the English Catholics than any other which I remember. It was printed and sent to every member of both Houses of Parliament, and it must have been mainly instrumental in causing the arch-offender, Lord John Russell, to say in the House of Commons what was so honourable to us: that whatever might be thought by the rest of Englishmen of the Pope's conduct, it was clear that the Catholics of England were determined to support him in what he had done. For this service alone, the name of John Edward Wallis should be held in honour, for he is entitled to public gratitude, and whoever shall be destined to be the historian of those days, must remember that Wallis' name should stand in the front rank of those who did their duty well. He had not his due reward in this world. Most earnestly let us hope that he has found it in eternity.

Some time between 1851 and the end of 1853, Wallis made up his mind to quit the Bar, and emigrate to Australia. He was, I think, called to the Bar in 1847 or 1848, so that he could not have allowed himself more than four or five years to

advance in his profession. Giving up the Bar was, I believe, his first great mistake, and it showed the weak side of his character. He was not one who could perseveringly row against wind and tide, unless under very great pressure. He had not succeeded at the Bar as well as he had hoped to do; though with most men, five years would not be considered a long trial. Without the smallest pride or vanity that ever I could detect, Wallis did not underrate his own intellectual power. He must have known that he was a far better lawyer than most young men, when they first start upon circuit. In the art of speaking he was deficient in that style of oratory which is adapted to public meetings and to juries; but with his knowledge of law, his acute logical mind, and lucidity of exposition, he was well qualified to address an argument to judges. But he could not bide his time, and he mistook a little delay in getting business, for a final judgment upon him that he never would succeed at the Bar.

Having resolved to quit the Bar, and having made all preparations for emigration, I think it a pity he did not follow up the plan. In a colony he might perhaps have got rid of that diffidence which he had, not in his own intrinsic power, but in his capability of making way in the struggle of life. The necessity of persevering energy might have nerved him to greater confidence. He would in time have made a first-rate member of a House of Assembly or a Senate.

In the autumn of 1853, Wallis and myself parted company. It was a separation which I am sure was very painful to us both. During ten years, I had seen him almost every day except during the law vacations, or when he was on circuit: we had agreed in almost everything; certainly in everything of importance, and thank God, we had never had a quarrel. As this is strictly speaking a reminiscence, what I have to say of his future life must necessarily be short. When an early death deprived the Catholics of the United Kingdom of the eminent services of Frederick Lucas, the advisers of his widow induced her to offer the management of the *Tablet* to John Wallis; and the negotiation ended by his purchasing the whole interest of the paper.

As far as the interests of the Church in England were concerned, no better choice could have been made. His wonderful Catholic instinct, his power of seizing a principle and of working out the details connected with it in practice, and his great talent for writing, combined to fit him admirably for the office of chief

editor of a newspaper. It was pleasant to read in the *Tablet* of the 28th of January, Lord Arundell of Wardour's appreciation of the important services rendered to us English Catholics by Wallis during his editorship of that newspaper.

No doubt his lordship's words have been recorded in the minds and hearts at least of many others.

It must have been during the time he had the *Tablet* that he declared himself a Conservative in politics. His inclination was always in the Conservative direction, though I do not think he ever *called* himself a Conservative, during the days of my intimacy with him: I am quite sure he never would have said that he was either a Whig or a Radical. He conducted the *Tablet* for many years. A priest who is actively engaged in missionary work is very apt, at least I so found it, to lose opportunities which he might have of informing himself in the history of current events. I do not sufficiently know all the circumstances connected with his relinquishing the *Tablet*, to be able to judge of his action in the matter. I have before me a long letter, which he addressed to my brother, Dr. Amherst, the late Bishop of Northampton, written about the time when he gave up the *Tablet*. Though he enters into a great many details in explanation of his action in the manner, I think I see in it the same reluctance to row against wind and tide, which I believe induced him to quit the Bar. If he could have made up his mind to fight his way as proprietor and editor of the *Tablet*, I should think it would have been a much better thing for him in every way. Commercially it would, I imagine, have been a success in the end. During his residence in Ireland, before he removed the *Tablet* to London, he had made a happy marriage, and at a time when, to use an expression of Lord Jeffreys' in a letter to Dickens, he ought to have begun to raise an embankment against the future, he took the secretaryship of the Catholic Union, for which indeed he was admirably fitted, but the salary of which was far below what his income should have been: he gave up the appointment to take a place in Egypt, very inferior to what a man of his talent and worth and just expectations should have had: and when he was at last put in a position more fit for him, he died before he had had any opportunity of retrieving what he had lost by having been the proprietor of a Catholic newspaper; and so to his five children he has left no inheritance in property though he has left them an inheritance of his talent.

Before I conclude this notice of one of the best of friends, I must not forget to mention that John Wallis was a good son, and a good brother. He always treated his excellent mother with great love and respect. But what was, if possible, still more noticeable in him, was the manly and tender affection which he always showed for his sisters. Of that happy Christian family only two now remain. I must also add my testimony to that of Lord Arundell and Mr. Pollen respecting his social gifts. Besides the great power of conversation which Wallis had, he possessed in equal proportion the power of attending to what others said. It would not be easy to find any one who was at the same time so good a talker, and so good a listener. There must be many who can recall that look of eager attention with which he heard what others had to say, and how his face would light up with a smile when what was being said pleased him, and then that expression of sadness and compassion with which he heard anything to the disadvantage of any one whom he knew. But I must now conclude by mentioning one great gift which John Wallis possessed, a gift as rare as it is valuable. A writer in the *Tory-Democratic Gazette*, quoted in the *Tablet*, says, apostrophizing his departed friend: "John Wallis, we treasure the good advice you often gave us." The talent of being able to give good advice is common to many: but the power of telling a friend his faults, without offending him has been bestowed upon only a few. This gift John Wallis possessed in perfection. He was a keen observer of character and manners; but he could see and acknowledge a good quality as quickly as he could a bad one. He always took a great interest in one whom he knew to be a friend. Hence he gave full play to his talent for admonishing amongst those with whom he was intimate. The justice and fairness of his reproofs, the earnestness with which he gave them, and the extreme kindness of his manner, made it impossible not to respect and love the monitor. As to give advice is comparatively easy, so it is easy to accept it without being offended, whether we are prepared to act upon it or not. To be told plainly of our faults, is a difficult thing to bear unless we are convinced that the telling proceeds from a real wish to serve and be of use, and not from anger, or prejudice, or unfair judgment, or impudence, or any other vicious motive. Wallis would sometimes hit hard, but he never left a wound. He showed as much prudence when he was merely giving advice. The gratitude of the writer quoted in the

Tablet is, I feel sure, shared by many. No doubt he profited by the advice which he treasured up, and his counsellor, John Wallis, is sharing his reward. But if there are any of us who have to regret, that, through our own fault, we did not improve as we might have done, by the admonitions of our friend, let our gratitude at least be offered at the Throne of Mercy to plead for his eternal rest.

WM. J. AMHERST, S.J.

Postscript.—The above has been written solely from affection to an old and true friend, and by no means to forestall "Father Peter, the old Irish Jesuit priest," to whom the writer in the *Tory-Democratic Gazette* appeals "to give a suitable souvenir" of John Edward Wallis in THE MONTH.

The Biblical Account of the Flood.

IN THE MONTH for last September we noticed the contribution of Père Brucker, S.J., to the discussion concerning the extension of the Flood which has recently been going on in the *Questions Scientifiques*. We have now before us the reprint of the contribution made by M. l'Abbé Robert, Père Brucker's opponent. As the subject is one of much interest, and the termination of the controversy in the *Questions Scientifiques* marks a stage in its discussion, it may be well to devote to it a larger space than the pamphlet would otherwise require of us.

We shall not weary our readers with a detailed history of opinion concerning the explanation of the Biblical narrative of the Flood. It will be sufficient to say that there are three systems of interpretation current. Of these the first maintains the inundation to have extended to the whole earth, and to have destroyed literally "all flesh," man, beast, and bird; the second would confine it to the territory at that time inhabited by man, whose migrations it supposes to have not as yet passed beyond the confines of a limited area; the third would still further restrict it to the territory populated by the patriarchal stock and those with whom they were in close relation. These theories have been conveniently styled the theory of "geographical universality," of "anthropological universality," and of "non-universality." "Anthropological universality" is a phrase which would hardly pass muster with the grammarian, but it has received a certain degree of acceptance, and its justification is its convenience. The theory of Geographical Universality is undoubtedly that to which the text seems most naturally to point—that, consequently, which a reader uninfluenced by extrinsic considerations would be prone to prefer. It is not, therefore, wonderful that it should have been almost exclusively held till recent times. But the conflict which it involves with the results of more than one branch of natural science is so grave, that in the present day it finds scant support with those

who have reflected on the physical evidence. It can indeed be still absolutely maintained, if we are prepared to draw largely on the miraculous. No one of the points of alleged opposition between it and science involves metaphysical contradiction: none involves a conflict not removable, should God choose to intervene for its removal by suspension of the agency of natural laws. Nor ought Catholics to haggle, like misers over their coins, over each fresh miracle for which assent is claimed. It is antecedently probable that interference with the course of nature in a single point may have far-reaching effects, and may thereby call for further and even multiplied interference on the part of the Divine Omnipotence to restore the disturbed equilibrium. We are not, therefore, impressed by the mere array of numbers in the catalogue which M. Motais, after the manner of those who deny Universality, draws up for the purpose of prepossessing readers against it. Omnipotence is a bank which can stand a big run. The real difficulty lies, not in the number, but in the character, of certain of the miracles which this theory is compelled to postulate. An instance of each class will illustrate our meaning. One of the objections usually urged is that no provision is made for the preservation of the fresh-water fish, whose organization unfits them to live in salt water. But just on that account, supposing the initial miracle, we can see no impropriety in postulating another as the only means of preventing the absolute extermination of this class of animals. Divine intervention does not appear unreasonable, just because it does appear necessary. On the other hand, how differently the case stands with the collection and subsequent restoration to their proper *habitats*, of the representatives from among the entire animal kingdom which on the Universalist theory were gathered into the ark! The miracle involved would be one of a nature unparalleled for its marvellousness. The imagination cannot dwell on it without feeling itself to be more among the usages of fairy-land than of Holy Scripture. And yet, even given a universal flood, what could be the object of such a marvel? The salvage for reproduction could have been made in a far simpler manner by some expedient consistent with the animals remaining in their own regions. Nor does one see how the transportation could have been for the good of the patriarch. On the contrary, its only effect would have been to lift him quite out of his proper stage in the course of mental progress. We have here, in short, an enormous miracle, to which, on the

hypothesis of a geographically universal Deluge, the narrative commits us, but which is apparently one quite uncalled for by the circumstances of the chastisement. It is because the first theory involves miracles of this latter class, that it is found so hard to accept. We have said thus much concerning the physical aspect of the first theory, in order to emphasize a distinction which, perhaps, does not receive sufficient attention. Further examination of this branch of the subject would be beside our present purpose.¹

This purpose is to estimate the exegetical position achieved up to the present for the theory of Non-Universality, principally by the labours of the Abbé Motais, its most prominent advocate, in *Le Déluge Biblique*,² published in 1885, and his friend and fellow-member of the Oratoire de Rennes, the Abbé Robert, in the discussion with Père Brucker, arising out of the same book, in the *Questions Scientifiques* to which reference has been made. Père Brucker admits geographical restriction, and defends the theory of Anthropological Universality. The controversy therefore lies between this and the still more advanced interpretation.

As soon as the question has been raised whether the universality of the Flood is absolute or only relative, no further reason is required for pushing the examination to the end. We are at once justified in asking if the limitation may not go so far as to exclude not only a part of the earth and animal kingdom, but even a portion of the human race itself. There is, however, more to prompt the inquiry. Although geographical limitation liberates us from the larger part of the conflict with natural

¹ For the same reason we have no occasion to discuss Mr. Howorth's very interesting argument for a universal Deluge in his recent book, *The Mammoth and the Flood*. Nor would it be desirable to consider its relation to exegesis until it has been completed by the author and appreciated by experts. We may observe, however, that even if admitted to the fulness of its contentions it would still leave untouched some of the most serious difficulties encountered by the first theory in its Biblical aspects: it would not, for instance, touch the very serious difficulty considered above.

² *Le Déluge Biblique devant la foi, l'écriture et la science*. Par Al. Motais, Prêtre de l'Oratoire de Rennes, Professeur d'Écriture Sainte. Paris: Berche et Tralin, 1885. There is besides a valuable article in defence of the same theory, by Father Breitung, in the November number of the *Zeitschrift für Katholische Theologie*, 4 hft. 1887. Our readers will remember the correspondence in the *Tablet* for 1884, on the same theme, where the Bishop of Clifton among others advocated the third theory. We take this opportunity to say that the present article deals with the Biblical text of the Flood Narrative in its actual form. It is this which comes to us clothed with authority, whatever may be its relations to the earlier sources out of which we may, or may not, believe it to have been constructed.

science, it still leaves outstanding difficulties of a grave character. Ethnology is unable to offer any reasonable explanation of the early variation of physical type. For instance, in the mural delineations of ancient Egypt, by the side of the white races, we find already the pronounced features and the black skins which characterize the modern negro. It is hard to believe that so great a divergence could take place during the short interval which separates the age of these representations from that of the Flood. If we may refer back its commencements to the original commencement of the human race, the difficulty disappears. We draw on a far longer period, and, what is more, we draw upon a time when it is reasonable to suppose that the race had in it flexibility to the moulding influence of environment corresponding to that which distinguishes the infancy of the individual. Again Comparative Philology protests. It is not easy to escape its inference that language was originally monosyllabic, and passed in turn through an agglutinative to an inflexional stage, that is, where it has arrived at all at this third stage: nor its further inference that the inflexional stage was reached at a very early age. If the point of divergence is the Flood, how account for so rapid an evolution? Thirdly, Pre-historic Archæology has yielded strong evidence that the race had spread widely over the earth, and even occupied the American Continent, much earlier than the age which we must assign to the Flood. This cuts at the root of the second theory. If the American Continent was already occupied, the distinction which it presupposes and on which it relies, between the entire earth and its inhabited portion, ceases to be available.

Before entering upon the examination, one word is expedient to satisfy the scruples of readers who may feel the very novelty of the new theory (the theory of Non-Universality is hardly more than twenty years old) to be a decisive reason against its adoption. Exegesis, they will say, and not science, is the criterion which must decide—the Word of God interpreted according to its natural sense, and not the reason of men. It has been acknowledged that an unbiassed reader would take the language of the sacred narrative to assert absolute universality, geographical as well as anthropological, and, even if the acknowledgment were refused, there is the concurrent verdict of eighteen centuries to compel it. Is not this a sufficient evidence, that the exegesis which endeavours to get

out of the text a sense in harmony with the new contention, is an exegesis of violence and tampering? The objection is fair and useful, but can be met. It is useful as a reminder, for we cannot be too much on our guard against unfair dealing with the text. Language has its own laws, and it is these which exegesis must obey. If the resultant interpretation is one which the laws prescribe with certainty, and nevertheless it is found to contradict the alleged conclusions of physics, then the conflict is irreconcilable. Either the authority of the biblical narrative or the legitimacy of the scientific process must be disallowed. No good whatever can come from infringement of hermeneutical laws with the object of extorting a sense which physics can accept. Physics is admissible in hermeneutics in two ways, and in two ways only. Where sound exegesis pronounces the language ambiguous, science may indicate which of the meanings comprised within the limits of the ambiguity is that corresponding to the author's mind; or again, it may act as a stimulus impelling to a more careful revision of the exegetic process, to discern whether in its previous pronouncements it has not been unfaithful to itself.

In both these ways the aid of science is acknowledged by the supporters of the new theory. It has led first of all to a more careful handling of the text, the result of which has been to show that the pronouncements of the latter are at least ambiguous; and then again it has indicated Non-Universality to be much the more probable of the alternatives which the ambiguity leaves us free to accept. Nor can it be deemed wonderful, if misconceptions as to the exact meaning of the narrative have prevailed during long ages. It is a necessity of human intercourse that the speaker should leave a portion of his meaning unexpressed in words. What is unexpressed, the hearer must gather from the context, from the circumstances, from general knowledge, and all must be taken into account if he will attach to the words spoken the exact meaning they were intended to convey. Let any one of these elements be disregarded, and he is liable to go on a false track and arrive only at misconception. It is this which causes our difficulty in understanding ancient books. We do our best to project ourselves into the circumstances of the ancient writer, well knowing this to be the indispensable condition of reaching his meaning. On the whole we succeed; but at times we are compelled to own that our defective knowledge renders the

language unintelligible; at times, in our imprudence, we are misled into imagining we have all the requisites, and we go wrong, to be corrected perhaps and enlightened later on, when improved knowledge or further reflection has supplied the link. This is constantly happening in the study of the Bible. There are many passages which were obscure enough to our forefathers, causing them in their desperation to elaborate interpretations which no one would now defend, all having been made clear to our fortunate generation by the possession or perception of facts which they either did not know of or did not advert to. When indeed dogma is concerned, these animadversions cannot be accepted without considerable qualification. The Church's *charisma* of infallibility must be allowed for. But there is much in Scripture which does not involve dogma, and to this category belongs the history of the Flood. At least that is the more probable opinion, as will appear presently.

Our sympathies are naturally with the Non-Universalists. Indeed, it is hard to understand how the sympathies even of their opponents can fail to be with them. A man may feel compelled to oppose interpretations which appear to him to play fast and loose with the Word of God, and yet sincerely desire that the victory may rest with the alternative which leaves the freest hand to the apologist. But the hypothesis of anthropological limitation does not merely command sympathy; it appears to us to have established for itself, not of course exclusive rights, but a solid claim to recognition, as we hope to make clear. Its difficulties naturally fall under two heads, according as they are concerned with (1) the narrative of Genesis taken by itself and viewed in the light of sound exegesis, or (2) the interpretation put upon it by the New Testament, the Fathers and Ecclesiastical Tradition. In dealing with the latter class, M. Motais appears to us to be most successful. Of course the Fathers and ancient interpreters believed the Deluge to be absolutely universal, spoke of it as such and drew lessons from it as such. But, if it is not a fact of dogmatic importance, as for instance is the descent of all mankind from Adam, there is no difficulty in acknowledging that it was one about whose nature they were liable to err. Now the only plausible ground on which it might claim to be dogmatic, is that it is commonly taken to be a primary type of the Church as the exclusive means of salvation. "Outside the

Church no salvation,"³ just as "outside the Ark no salvation." In the hypothesis of anthropological limitation, the latter proposition ceases to be true, and in that case how is the correspondence recognized, not only by the Fathers, but even by St. Peter,⁴ to continue to hold good? M. Robert replies with the decisive retort: How would Melchisedech typify the eternal priesthood of our Blessed Lord, whereas he was "without father, without mother, without genealogy," only in so far as he presented himself to sacred history just for a moment and passed away without leaving to it any record of his parentage. Relative universality is sufficient to sustain the typical relation, and this much every theory acknowledges to be required. Nor is there any ground for maintaining that the Fathers or St. Peter were anxious to claim anything more. It was not to be expected of them, that they should expressly declare themselves on the question in connexion with a narrative which could not in those days have seemed to raise it. But the mind of St. Peter is sufficiently revealed in the companion illustration from the destruction of Sodom which he gives in the following verse. It was the totality of Sodomites, not of mankind, which perished then, and yet he deems the history equally available for his purpose with the history of the Flood. The same may be said of the Fathers.

In dealing with the Scripture evidence on its own merits, the Non-Universalists seem to us to do imperfect justice to their cause. We seem to detect an element of confusion and even fallacy in their reasoning, whilst the really strong arguments are thrown in incidentally rather than insisted upon. Thus there is a disposition to rest their theory on the theory of Geographical Restriction, by assuming such restriction to be ground common and admitted between themselves and the adherents of the intermediate theory, and then proceeding to charge the latter with inconsistency in not going further. M. Motais says:

Let us hear the commentators and see if there is room for taking up their exegesis in order to push its consequences further. They (that is, the adherents of the mediatizing theory) teach that the Mosaic story obliges us to take the word *all* in an absolute and universal sense, when it is question of men, whilst it can and ought to be taken with restriction, when it is question of animals and places. This mediatizing

³ In these days it is necessary to warn the reader that this axiom does not deny the possibility of salvation for those who are in good faith outside the Church.

⁴ 1 St. Peter iii. 20, 21.

theory has the advantage of offering a hand to each adversary. But at first sight the exegetes of the other two schools are unfavourably impressed by the double weights and double measures with which, at least in appearance, the word *all* is here treated. Let us say more. Many minds, which desire the positions taken up to be frank and straightforward, are dissatisfied not only with the obscurity which remains, but also with the contradictions which, in their eyes, are encountered (*Op. cit.* p. 73).

And again earlier the demand is made :

Suppress the reservation, arbitrarily made without reason for man, in the system of restricted universality : admit that the inundation did not involve all men, any more than it covered all places and destroyed all beasts... (*Ibid.* p. 65).

M. Robert argues in the same manner.⁵ These writers either forget that it is not permissible to accept the thesis of their opponents without reference to the principles which underlie it, or else they fail to understand what the underlying principle of the mediatizing theory is. The advocates of this theory seek to gather the sense attached by the sacred writer to his phraseology from the purpose for which the Deluge was inflicted. This purpose they understand to be the punishment of the race. The earth with the animal world is chastised only on account of its association with man. Hence if only a portion of the earth had become at the time thus associated, only that portion needed to be chastised. Thus they feel entitled to conclude that by *earth* in the narrative is meant, as no doubt the term often does mean, the *inhabited earth*. This settled, all appears to them to follow smoothly. *All* men are destroyed, and *all the (inhabited) earth* with its animal population. There is no arbitrary variation in the employment of the numeral adjective. There is no variation at all. It remains unaffected by the operation of the restricting canon. In either case it is used in its plain sense and signifies absolute universality.

It may be doubted whether this theory can maintain its ground in the face of the persistent assertions found in the Mosaic narration, that everything which has breath was subject to the chastisement. Such insistence has the appearance of an endeavour to exclude the limiting operation of the principle just invoked. If, however, this objection is disallowed, the theory does not appear otherwise exegetically untenable, and is certainly not inconsistent with itself. The grave objection

⁵ *Op. cit.* p. 3.

against it is its insufficiency to meet the demands of natural science. Its postulates are such as cannot be granted. It requires us to presuppose that the race still keeps within the borders of a restricted area. It requires us for this purpose to reduce the chronological data of the Bible for the antediluvian period, and at the same to expand them immoderately for the post-diluvial period, in order to provide room for the wide racial and linguistic divergencies.

Since truth is one for those who believe in the authority of the Bible, these self-same difficulties against the mediatizing theory may fairly be taken to constitute the strongest presumption that the sacred narrative is susceptible of a *bonâ fide* interpretation compatible with their claims. Can this presumption be converted into proof? Can it be shown that the language of Scripture leaves it at least an open question whether the entire race, or only the portion more immediately connected with the Patriarch, perished beneath the waters? The question resolves itself into this other. Can we discover a principle of restriction underlying the text, distinct from that drawn by Fathers Pianciani, Brucker, and others, from the purpose of the Deluge and of such a nature as to embrace in its application both the earth and its human inhabitants?

Before we seek it, let us understand clearly what precisely it is wanted to restrict, and this will afford us an opportunity of calling attention to a further element of confusion which we seem to discern in the reasoning of M. Motais and M. Robert. In such a phrase as, "I will destroy *all flesh*," it is conceivable that the limiting principle may affect either the numeral adjective or the noun. In the latter case, the limitation is introduced inasmuch as we are constrained by considerations of context, &c., to take *flesh* as referring to some particular *class of flesh*—all flesh within some defined area the nature of which is somehow implicitly signified. In the former it is introduced, inasmuch as *all* is taken not to the absolute exclusion of every individual coming under the category denoted by the noun, but to the exclusion of all save a very few. There may be some left remaining—an odd one or two here or there, some inconspicuous class of life—but their number and their character is so insignificant that it is not worth while on their account to qualify the generation statement. They are a *quantité négligeable*. When this distinction is grasped, it is seen at once that in the case in hand the limitation desiderated is one affecting the

noun, not the numeral. A limitation affecting only the numeral would be without value. It is no question whether some few spots here and there or perhaps a narrow band of territory fringing the border of the area called the earth remained unsubmerged by the inundation. The question is, not whether the district unaffected, but whether the district affected, was not a portion of the globe comparatively small. What did the sacred writer mean by the *earth*—the "*'eres*"—that is the point, the only point, to which attention requires to be directed; and the object of our search is a principle of restriction which will affect this one word and limit its signification to a portion only, and that a comparatively small portion, of the earth's surface—a principle, moreover, which will affect co-ordinately the earth and the race, or at all events first the earth, and through the earth the race. And lest the reader should be terrified by the suspicion that our proposed search is a barefaced search for some instrument of special pleading, it is not superfluous to remind him of the protest made higher up. We seek to read into the text nothing, but honestly to elicit from it what it contains. We seek to discover if the narrative bears about it any indication, unobserved by our forefathers, that its bold statements, in spite of their seeming comprehensiveness, are intended to be taken relatively, not absolutely, and if so, what is the term of relation.

Had M. Motais written in English (or German) he would doubtless have availed himself of the distinction between the terms *earth* and *land*. There is no doubt that the Hebrew '*eres*' is at times to be rendered by our *land*, not *earth*. For instance, in Isaiah,⁶ we are evidently to read, "Because all the *land* (not, all the *earth*) shall be briers and thorns." Also, '*eres*' is the common word to couple with the name of a country, e.g., "*'eres* Mišraim, '*eres* Yehudah" ("land of Egypt," "land of Judah"). Substitute *land* for *earth* in Genesis vi. vii., and then we read:

12. And God saw the land, and behold it was corrupt; for all flesh had corrupted its way on the land. 13. And God said to Noe, The end of all flesh is come before Me: for the land is filled with violence through them: and behold I will destroy them with the land. . . . 17. And I, behold, I do bring the flood of waters upon the land to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life from under Heaven: everything that is in the land shall die. . . .

⁶ Chap. vii. 24.

This single substitution at once changes the impression which the language is calculated to produce. We gather at once that it is the inundation of a district only which is threatened, and that *all flesh is all the flesh belonging to this district.*⁷

We believe that this rendering of "ereş" by *land* is legitimate. Nevertheless, it is necessary to be careful about the grounds on which we adopt it. Hitherto we have only shown that the Hebrew word, in the abstract, is susceptible of this rendering. But this by itself is not a sufficient justification for its adoption in our narrative. We must seek a further justification from the text or the context. In English, just because we have two distinct terms, *earth* and *land*, the latter of which can only denote a restricted area, mere use without reference to context is sufficient to certify that a restricted area is meant. In the Hebrew, as in the French, since there is but one term able to signify both *earth* and *land*, we need help from the context before we can be certified which rendering is to be preferred in the passage under consideration.

To this demand M. Motais strangely replies with a flat denial of its legitimacy. We say strangely, because the hermeneutical law referred to is a most elementary and universally acknowledged rule of interpretation, one that reveals itself at once to the most ordinary reflection on the common practice of human intercourse. Yet he pronounces it to be invented by his opponents *ad hoc*.

It is sought to proclaim as a law of hermeneutics, that "the right to restrict (the literal signification of terms employed) does not exist save when the *matter* which is handled, the *context* or *other exegetical reasons* permit it," which, it is added, has no place in the present case. But this law is propounded exceptionally with a view to the special case, and cannot be accepted, unless it holds good always. Now many passages can be cited, where neither matter, nor context, nor any purely exegetical reason constrains to restrict the *Omnis*, and where, nevertheless, it must be restricted... (p. 54).

But M. Motais has understood those from whom he quotes imperfectly. The terms *matter*, *context*, *exegetical reason*, are intended to be comprehensive. The presumption is always

⁷ F. Fr. von Hummelauer, in the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, for 1879, was the first, as far as we are aware, to suggest this substitution, as he was also one of the first to suggest the third theory. We avail ourselves of this opportunity to signalize his articles as among the best which have been written on the subject.

in favour of language being taken as it stands, that is with no further limitation or amplification than such as its own nature involves and expresses. If the speaker intends to limit, the burden is thus thrown upon him to give some external indication of his intention. This may be through the context, that is, the adjoining words, or the nature of the subject-matter, or the circumstances under which he speaks, &c. All these are wont to be comprehended under the one designation of *context*, this term being thus taken in its widest acceptation, and not confined to mere *verbal* context. Thus if I were to return from a walk and say that I had seen the First Napoleon, although my words taken by themselves would declare that I had seen the Emperor of that name in flesh and blood, the circumstances would exclude this signification and compel the hearer to give preference to another meaning. If I were returning from a picture gallery he would understand me to be talking of a picture; if from Madame Tussaud's, of a representation in wax; if from a fancy ball, of one dressed in that character. As this law is essential to human speech, it affects the language of Orientals as well as of Europeans. It may be readily granted that the former are more given to hyperbole, and it follows that this is a circumstance to be taken into account in interpreting their utterances. Still they must either obey the general law or become hopelessly incapable of giving accurate expression to their thoughts. For this reason we must be careful not to lay too much stress on the appeal which Non-Universalists make to passages like Gen. xvi. 54, 56, 57, Deut. ii. 25, 3 Kings x. 24, Esther x. 1, Acts ii. 5, &c. These prove the tendency to hyperbole, but nothing more. In each of such cases it is obvious from the circumstances that the restricted sense of the words is the sense intended, and this very obviousness is the justification for so taking it. Hence, although these passages may predispose us to expect some hyperbole in the narration we are handling, they by no means exempt us from the necessity of looking to the context for our warrant to assign to the language here also a restricted signification. Of course we readily grant that such a warrant is to be sought primarily in the circumstances of the speaker as they would be known to those to whom his words were primarily addressed, and hence for us with our nineteenth century ideas they may not so assuringly reveal themselves.

Nor does M. Motais really disallow the canon of which we

have been speaking. On the contrary, in spite of the passage just criticized, he labours to apply it. We have now to consider whether the application made is sound. The narrative, it is claimed, bears the marks of a subjective point of view as that taken by the narrator. He describes things not as they are in themselves, but as they appear to a speaker situated as he is situated. For him "all the earth" (or "all the land") is the entire area circumscribed by "his own visual horizon."

The entirely subjective point of view is no longer contestable [M. Motais has been arguing from the sending forth and return of the dove]. He names *universa terra* a circle traced by his visual horizon. It remains clear that he places himself at a point of view quite personal. This point of view, having once been made clear by the biblical language itself, becomes in consequence the natural basis for the entire exegesis of the narrative. At all events we can legitimately place ourselves there in order to render a uniform account of every *Omnis* alike.⁸

This suggestion seems really applicable to a certain portion of the narrative, to that, namely, which commences with chap. vii. 7. Here we have a plain description of what took place, and it is reasonable enough to conclude that the narrator described as he saw, rather than as it was revealed to him. But this hypothesis of "the visual horizon" is not so easily applied to the statements of the previous portion, where God announces what He will do. We are not insisting on the fact that there it is God, not Noe, who speaks; because God may well have adapted His terms to the comprehension of His hearer. But it is inconceivable that Noe should have understood the subjects of the Divine displeasure to be just those whose abode lay within the enclosure of his own visual horizon. M. Robert⁹ will perhaps protest against his *confrère's* phrase being unduly pressed. The horizon referred to, he may say, is that of the mental, not the corporeal view. But, in that case, the question returns—what are we to understand by the mental horizon of the narrator? As yet we have got a phrase only, not a reality. If the theory of non-universality is to stand, the area covered was that populated by the Sethite, or better, by the main stock of the Sethites, an area which would probably include some fragments also of the Cainite stock. But under what aspect can this area be regarded, so as to make it natural

⁸ P. 96.

⁹ *Réponse aux Objections*, p 13.

for the writer to speak of it simply and without further definition as the "eres"? We do not find that M. Motais has carried his investigation to this point, although it appears essential. One answer might be, that the area to be submerged is conceived as that with whose population the patriarchal family had come into relation. If the reader is content with this, we are not disposed to put in any further objection. Still we much prefer the solution which we suggested in the September number of THE MONTH. Is it not quite reasonable, and much more satisfactory, to suppose that the distinction between *land* understood in the sense just indicated of the Sethite country, and *earth* understood in the sense of the entire world, was a distinction which for Noe and his family had as yet no existence? Of the real size of the world they knew nothing. For them it was but a district of Central Asia. Into the lands lying beyond, into the remote parts of their own continent, into Europe, Africa, probably even into America, bands of Cainite, and even of Sethite stock, had successively migrated at different periods. In so doing they had passed out of account for those left behind, and when to Noe was announced the coming destruction of *all flesh*, the term would not seem to include them. Not seeming to include, it would not include. For the signification of terms is dependent upon convention among those who employ them, and thus the language, as addressed to them, becomes a strictly true and accurate account of a partial inundation, although it would not be true or accurate as addressed to us, our convention corresponding to a wider geographical knowledge. Nor was the Divine veracity under any obligation to recall the existence of the dispersed populations to the remembrance of Noe or the writer. There is no reason to suppose that their destinies were of any legitimate concern for the patriarch and his family. If this interpretation approves itself, it will be felt that it harmonizes better with the supposition that the Flood document (or documents), at all events the original cast, belonged rather to the age of Noe than to that of Moses. Nor is there any difficulty in conceding that it did. On the contrary it is the more probable view.

There is still a point of difficulty which needs attention, before the theory of anthropological restriction can hope to satisfy. Is it conceivable that the main stock of the Sethites should be those on whom the punishment fell, while the collateral branches of this stock and the Cainites were left

unscathed? If the purpose of the Flood was to destroy the sinful element, how is it conceivable that it attacked the best and left alone the worst portions of the race? Surely no one will maintain that the populations furthest removed from the home of God's special providence were not the most corrupt. This apparently grave objection against Non-Universality its defenders most satisfactorily solve on the basis of an exacter definition of the purpose which the visitation had in view.¹⁰ Its primary purpose was to preserve, not to destroy. God desired to preserve to Himself at least a holy stock, in order that in time it might become the means of reformation and blessing to the remainder of the race. For this purpose it had become necessary to isolate it completely from the surrounding contamination. Hence the Deluge—the means of isolation employed—must fall just on that region which the patriarchal stock inhabited, whilst those who dwelt in the far distance might be left to judgments of a different kind. Hence also the appropriateness of salvation by the ark, rather than by flight into another region. Flight might have tended not to isolate, but to exchange one source of contamination for another: nor would it have carried with it the same moral impressiveness as the Flood. Hence again the arrangements for preserving along with man a stock of animals. They were necessary in order that, after the subsidence of the inundation, the Noachidæ might at once resume the usual relations between man and the inferior creation, without the need of travelling beyond the bounds of their isolation.

One of the best points made by M. Motais, is where he shows that this purpose, which is claimed as primary, and this alone, causes the Flood narrative to fall into its proper place as one of the great crises in the plan by which the Providence of God laboured to educate the race to its final destinies. It is one of a series each member of which is manifestly stamped with the same purpose of purification by isolation. We have (1) the isolation of the Sethites by the banishment of the Cainites;¹¹ (2) the isolation of the Noachidæ by the destruction of those among whom they lived;¹² (3) the isolation of the main stock of Semites by the dispersion of the remainder at Babel;¹³ (4) the

¹⁰ Cf. M. Motais, *op. cit.* pp. 88, seq.; and M. Thomas, *op. cit.* p. 23, seq.

¹¹ Gen. iv. 16.

¹² Gen. vi.—viii.

¹³ Gen. xi., seq. Whence it appears that those affected by this confusion of tongues were not all mankind, but a portion of the Noachidæ, or even of the Semites. Into

isolation of the Abramidæ from a still narrower *entourage*, by the migration of Abraham;¹⁴ (5) finally of the twelve tribes by the dissociation of Isaac and Jacob from Ismael,¹⁵ the children of Cetura¹⁶ and Esau¹⁷ respectively. In each case there is a narrowing down; obviously in most, and therefore presumably in all, it is a narrowing down by casting out the larger portion of the element favoured in the previous differentiation. When this is perceived, we seem compelled by the claims of symmetry to understand the Sethites as alone *per se* affected by the eliminating process of the Deluge.

We are compelled also by the same consideration to take the ethnographical table of Genesis x. xi., which declares the genealogical relations of the Noachidæ, to be free from any design to disallow the existence of outlying races, and M. Motais argues with some plausibility that the sacred writers were ever conscious that the branching off of certain tribes, such as the Amalekites, the Zuzim, and the Zamzummim, from the patriarchal trunk, belonged to the antediluvial period. We are thus again brought into closer accord with the inference of ethnological science which recognizes the important table of chap. x. xi. as a rational account of the white, but is unable to find in it any recognition of the red, yellow, and black races.

To conclude. Whilst physical research has shown with increasing clearness that the first theory is almost inconceivable, and even the second most precarious, thereby constituting for all who believe in the Divine authority of the Bible the strongest presumption that it is the third theory which its statements are intended to support, a more careful reconsideration of the text in the light of sound exegetical principles has succeeded, not perhaps in securing for this third theory an absolute demonstration, or even satisfactorily removing all its difficulties,¹⁸ but at all events in placing it on a solid basis, entitling it to recognition

the nature of this confusion we cannot go. But however we may understand it, it must be wrong to take, with M. Motais, the phrase, "all the land was of *one lip* (*saphah*) and the same words" as signifying "unity of sentiments" instead of "unity of language." It is to the heart, not to the lips, that unity of sentiment is attributable when synecdoche is employed.

¹⁴ Gen. xii. 1. ¹⁵ Gen. xxi. 14. ¹⁶ Gen. xxv. 6. ¹⁷ Gen. xxxvi. 6.

¹⁸ The gravest of these seems to be the statement that all the mountains were covered (Gen. vii. 19, 20). A flood which rose high enough to cover mountains of any considerable height could hardly fail to be geographically universal. Still, when so much is satisfactorily solved, it is reasonable not to refuse assent on account of an outstanding difficulty or two.

as endowed with high probability, and sanctioning its acceptance, without any infringement of the claims of loyalty, by all to whom it commends itself. M. Motais, whose premature death in the midst of so much promise is a subject for general regret, has laid educated Catholics under an obligation by his courage in bringing the question forward, the skill with which he has argued it, the scientific temper and the loyal spirit by which he has sought to keep out the bitterness of feeling which is apt to gather round a discussion of this nature, to the great detriment of the cause of truth, as well as to the great annoyance of right-minded people. A similar acknowledgment is due to his *confrère* M. Robert, and to Père Brucker who has ably maintained against them the intermediary theory.

S. F. S.

Lourdes and its Miracles.

IT must be allowed that, however wonderful or interesting miracles may be, they very soon become tedious to any one who reads the details of a long series even of the most wonderful of them. Many readers of the lives of the Saints are in the habit of skipping the whole, or the greater part, of the chapter which narrates the miracles performed by them, at their tomb and elsewhere, after their death. The isolated facts, without any unity, save that of being beyond the powers of nature, and having been performed through the intervention of the Saint in whose life they are narrated, soon pall upon the mental palate, and cease to make any impression, save an impression of weariness. For this reason I intend to spare my readers any detailed account of more than one or two more of the countless miracles performed at Lourdes. I prefer rather to insist on the general character of the wonders performed there, and to point out why it is that we are compelled to regard cures as miraculous which, taken one by one and piecemeal, may possibly have each several circumstance explained, or explainable, by some natural law. The miracles I shall adduce in the present article will be by way of illustration of my thesis, and in proof of the assertions that I shall have cause to make.

I have already adduced three or four cures which I think the candid reader will allow to be absolutely and entirely beyond the powers of nature. Yet I said that if these stood alone, we might have reason to doubt of their miraculous character. We might fairly regard them as freaks of nature, if they were not accompanied by a number of other marvels not quite so marvellous as they, but nevertheless so strange, and almost impossible (save on the supposition of a miracle), as to furnish a solid support and confirmation of those that are in themselves quite unaccountable. If we find a number of these of every

degree, some so utterly inexplicable on any natural grounds as to be practically impossible, yet admitting of some little loophole which renders them in themselves insufficient as testimony to the miraculous, others more easily explained without the intervention of the supernatural, but yet, by reason of the surrounding circumstances, making it at least a very wonderful thing that they should have happened when and where they did, then we shall be justified in regarding the whole body of cures as indubitably of a miraculous character. I do not say that they are necessarily miraculous in every single instance (for we cannot deny the possibility of error in one or two rare and exceptional cases), but necessarily miraculous in their general aspect. We shall have sufficient proof that the finger of God is in them. We shall not only have a probability of Divine intervention, but an absolute certainty of it. We shall have an argument which ought to convince all who have the facts before them, if they are open to conviction. We shall have an array of facts which, when looked at in their combined strength, cannot possibly be accounted for by any existing natural laws, nor by the hypothesis of imposture, nor by the influence of imagination, nor by some unknown laws to be discovered and explained by a future generation.

Here I venture to say a word in answer to this recourse of the sceptic to hidden laws of nature, which are at present a mystery to us. It is a plausible way of evading the difficulty. To run away under cover of a mist is very satisfactory to those who desire to escape from the pursuer, whether the fugitive be a heathen deity hard pressed by Greek or Trojan warrior, or the modern sceptic whom the Catholic disputant threatens to transfix with the sword of undoubted facts. It is very convenient to say that though we may not be acquainted with the laws which govern the mysterious and curative powers of nature, yet that there may be many beyond our ken, working secretly and out of sight. Do not, we are asked, the recent discoveries respecting hypnotism show that the will may be enslaved and the whole nature transformed by the mysterious influence of the mesmerist or hypnotiser? Does not the nervous system often receive from the startled or excited imagination a shock which affects the bodily powers, makes the lame to walk and the dumb to speak? Why then may not we suppose that these or like influences may account even for those miracles of Lourdes which appear the strangest?

It is in this strain that Professor Buchanan writes in the *Lancet* of June 20, 1885 :

I believe that the simple visit to the Grotto by persons who believe in it, and the whole surroundings of the place, might have such an effect on the mind that a sudden change of the nerve condition might result in immediate improvement in cases where there is no real change of structure, but where the malady is a functional imitation of organic disease. Such cases are familiar to all medical men, and are the most intractable they have to deal with, the disorder being in the imagination, and not in the part (p. 1118).

He then narrates two cases, of which we give only one for brevity's sake, as the two are almost exactly alike :

About two years ago a carriage and pair arrived at my door from the country. In it was a woman about twenty-five years of age, her limb bound up in a splint and resting on the seat opposite to that on which she sat. She was accompanied by her father and brother, who, with the assistance of the coachman, carried her into my house and laid her on the sofa of my consulting-room. She told me she had been confined to bed for four or five months with disease of the knee, but that it had lasted longer than that. It was only the last few months that her medical attendant had enjoined absolute rest in bed, had used blisters and other applications, and had in the end secured it from movement by the application of a splint. She said the pain was very severe, increased on any movement, and was worse at night. There was little if any swelling, but the symptoms were very characteristic of disease of the cartilages of the knee-joint, and undoubtedly she was being treated for that affection. On manipulating her knee whilst I engaged her attention by asking her questions, I became aware that she did not shrink from my touch, as she did when I asked her if she felt pain on pressure ; and I was soon convinced that I had to do, not with an organic disease of the joint, but with that strange, painful, and intractable condition which, for want of a better name, we call "hysterical knee." I turned to her, and said decidedly, "Your knee is quite well ; get up and walk." She at first objected, in consequence of the fear of pain ; but when I said, "You will walk quite easily without pain," she got up, and, to her own surprise, as well as that of her companions, she walked across my room, saying, "You are quite right ; I have no pain, and my knee is cured." A few minutes after she left the house, got into the carriage without much assistance, and drove away. About a month afterwards a person from the same country town had occasion to call on me, and spoke of the extraordinary instantaneous cure. I asked if he knew how the person was, and he said she was a friend of his own, and just the day before he had seen her walking as if nothing was wrong with her limb. And he knew that she had been confined to bed with her knee for months (p. 1118).

Dr. Buchanan then proceeds in a strain in which he is more candid than consistent with himself :

I cannot pretend to explain these two cases ; they are certainly not miracles. But they are just as miraculous as any of the cures alleged to have been performed at Lourdes or elsewhere. Of the many thousands annually attracted to that spot a great number must be cases analogous to those I have related, and the alleged sudden cures are not more numerous in proportion than those which have occurred in medical practice. There are, however, some cases which cannot be included along with those to which I have referred. Cases in which instantaneous cure has taken place, or is alleged to have taken place, in such maladies as ulcers, sinuses, and easily recognized disintegration of bone. Such examples have been reported and vouched for by several French medical men, and are referred to in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for 1882 ; and I admit that the explanation is not applicable to them. I have not seen the official reports of the cases, so that I cannot admit or deny their accuracy. If there is no fallacy in them, they are beyond my understanding. But in the meanwhile the purpose of my paper is served if I have shown that many sudden cures may be explained without admitting miraculous interposition (p. 1118).

But we have already shown how extremely careful, I had almost said, how extraordinarily anxious M. de St. Maclou, the learned physician resident at Lourdes, is to set aside all cases of hysteria as inadmissible for the purpose of proving a miracle. His object, as I have remarked, seems to be to discover, if possible, some natural explanation, for any case which comes before him. No sceptic could be more irreproachably sceptical, no unbeliever could look out with greater diligence for weak points in cures alleged to be miraculous. No one present at his daily examination at the Bureau de Constatations of those who have been healed could hesitate for a moment as to the thoroughness of his diagnosis or the critical character of his judgment. But when he has eliminated with the greatest care all the cures which are in any way explicable, as Dr. Buchanan would explain them, there is still a large surplus of those in which no amount of imagination, no influence exerted on the nerves, can explain the cure.

First of all we are told that the cases of hysteria narrated by Dr. Buchanan from his own experience *are just as miraculous* as any of the cures performed at Lourdes. Then, from the statement of what is, Dr. Buchanan proceeds to what he imagines *must be*, "a great number *must be* cases analogous to those

I have related." Finally he allows that there are instantaneous cases of cures which *cannot be included with those to which he has referred*, and allows that such cases, if correctly reported, are beyond his understanding. In other words, he says that the defenders of the supernatural have no case at all, then he says that their case *must be* a weak one, then that it is so strong that it is quite beyond his comprehension. Verily Dr. Buchanan is not a very valuable ally to the assailants of the miracles of Lourdes! But we are quite ready to allow that a great number of the cures at Lourdes are of maladies like those Dr. Buchanan alleges himself to have cured. Hysteria is the complaint of perhaps a majority of those who come to be healed. If they were *all* of this character, if *all* the cures at Lourdes were exerted on some form or other of hysteria, we should allow the justice of his argument.

Let us hear a physician who has written a treatise on miracles from a medical point of view :

Diseases [says M. G. Marmisse] may be divided into two classes, those in which no appreciable organic injury exists, and those where such injuries are evident. Among the first, which are called in medicine diseases *sine materia*, it is sometimes only the nervous system that is affected, though it is impossible to say in what the change consists. It is certain in this case that a vivid impression made on the moral nature of a sick person does, though the cases are rare, modify his nervous system. This is the explanation of some cures that have so astonished by their close resemblance to the miraculous.¹

Now all that Professor Buchanan has to say against the miracles of Lourdes is applicable only to those diseases in which there is no appreciable organic injury. But his theory fails utterly in the face of the miracles given in our last number, or of the following, which I give in brief, but which is none the less wonderful.

Marie Drossing, a girl living at Tongres, in Belgium, came on April 30, 1885, with the Belgian pilgrimage to Lourdes. For some time past a tumour had been forming on her left breast. At the time of her visit it was about the size of an egg, and of a cancerous nature, causing her the most acute pain. The tumour had been examined by a doctor some months previously, who bears witness in his written certificate to its serious nature and size, and up to the time of her journey it

¹ *Merveilles évangéliques éclairées par les sciences médicales*, p. 333.

remained the same. On the 1st of May she bathed in the piscina. On coming out of the bath the pain had entirely disappeared, though the tumour had not at all diminished. So far the change might have been due to imagination. But the following day bore witness to a change that no imagination could have effected. On Saturday she bathed again, and on coming out of the bath the tumour itself had entirely vanished!

On her return to Belgium she paid a visit to the doctor, who gave her the following certificate:

I, the undersigned, Doctor of Medicine at Tongres, declare that the said Marie Drossing was suffering in September last from cancer in the right breast, and from a swelling that caused her great pain.

I declare that to-day (May 9) the swelling has completely disappeared.

Tongres, May 9, 1885.

FR. TEUWEN.

Will hysteria account for the sudden disappearance of a cancerous tumour? Will any shock given to the nervous system cause an ulcer suddenly to heal in the way I described in my last article? Will any unknown laws of nature cause inflammation and gangrene of the thigh to vanish in a moment, and restore to the carious bone its soundness and its strength? The wildest enemy of the miraculous never ventured on asserting this, and therefore the wildest enemy of the miraculous cannot deny the reality of the miracles of Lourdes, unless, as I have said, he supposes all the skilled physicians and honourable men and women who bear witness to them to be a pack of impostors. Other alternative it seems to me there is none.

But I am now concerned with what I have called subsidiary miracles, by which I mean those less absolutely conclusive than the cure of rotting bone, and noisome ulcer, and cancerous tumour, and other organic injuries, but still sufficiently conclusive to afford a very strong piece of evidence. Of these cures I have two remarks to make.

1. That even where the symptoms, or some of the symptoms, may be the result of hysteria, the unvarying permanence of the cures is something altogether unknown in the case where a sudden shock, or the influence of a stronger will, has produced a change which was so wonderful as to resemble the miraculous. This it is which differentiates the supernatural from the natural cure of nervous diseases. The malady very frequently returns after a time where the cure is sudden, if it be in the natural order,

it is almost² invariably permanent if it is in the supernatural order.

No cure is admitted to be of any value as evidence by the authorities of Lourdes until it has stood the test of time. The sufferer must send after some months not only an attestation that the disease has not returned, but a medical certificate to that effect.

2. That even where the individual instances may be explicable on some possible action of natural forces, the accumulation of them renders such explanation impossible. This is true even in the case of hysteria and nervous symptoms. A has suffered from lameness which may possibly be a purely nervous affection. He comes to Lourdes, and is suddenly cured. Religious excitement and the influence of the imagination may possibly have wrought the cure. It is not likely, but it is not impossible. But B has had an affection of the spine which may also possibly have proceeded from a similar cause. He too comes to Lourdes and is similarly cured. C has suffered from partial paralysis, D from rheumatism of the joints, E from contraction of the muscles, F from intense pain in the hip (*coxalgia*). All have come and prayed and washed, and been healed. Are we to assert that all these had their maladies removed by the influence of their imagination, stirred to activity by the religious atmosphere of Lourdes? In a single case it is improbable, when a second is added it becomes highly improbable, when a third occurs we must pronounce the hypothesis practically inadmissible. But when not only a fourth, fifth, and sixth occur, but such cases are reckoned up by dozens and by hundreds, the improbability becomes a downright impossibility. I may in a single instance cure a nervous patient by a good dose of castor oil, perhaps a second case may occur, but who would believe me if I said that I had cured fifty nervous patients suffering from the above diseases by the imaginary (or other) effect of castor oil upon them. Yet this is practically equivalent to the assertion of the sceptics, that the force of imagination is the source of most of the wonders of Lourdes.

Having premised this, I now proceed to give a few instances of these subsidiary miracles, second class, third class,

² We say *almost invariably*, because we have sufficient evidence in the case of such cures at Lourdes and elsewhere to assert this in the great majority of cases, but we do not pretend to be able to lay down an universal law, and there may be instances in which, through some fault of the person healed, or from some other cause, the malady has returned.

fourth class miracles, if I may so call them, without infringing on the nomenclature of Benedict the Fourteenth, and I divide them under three several heads, asking the reader to remember that we do not rely on these alone, or on these principally, or on these at all as an absolute proof of the miraculous power at work at Lourdes.

1. The first class consists of the cures where the disease is not of a nervous or hysterical character, nor on the other hand where there is osseous *caries* or a cancerous tumour, but where there is a certain amount of organic lesion, yet nothing that might not be removed in time by the gradual working of nature's laws. Here the miracle consists, not in the fact of recovery, but on the suddenness of recovery. In an instant a change takes place which would require weeks or months according to the ordinary processes of nature. We will illustrate this by an instance of a very painful disease, and one which it is difficult though not impossible to cure.

Sister Adèle, one of the Filles de Marie at Pesches-lez-Couvin, near Namur, had for some years been suffering from an effusion of serous fluid into the knee joint (*hydrarthrose fémoro-tibiale*). She was fifty years old, and had tried all kinds of remedies, but in vain. She walked with great difficulty, and had to support herself on the arms of companions. The doctor who attended her certifies that she was suffering from a chronic inflammation of the joint, accompanied by an effusion in the synovial membrane. He states, moreover, that for eighteen months he and other physicians had tried various remedies, but that the disease had resisted them all. But where the physicians had effected nothing in the course of long months, our Lady worked a perfect cure in a moment. Sister Adèle came to Lourdes with the Belgian pilgrimage of 1887, and bathed in the sacred fount. The first two immersions produced no result, but during the third the pain disappeared, the swelling of the knee vanished, the joints resumed their former suppleness, and the Sister walked unaided with perfect ease! On her return the doctor declared that she was perfectly cured (*je constate la parfaite guérison de la Sœur Adèle*). Here is a case in which the disease was not absolutely incurable. We cannot say that the healing of the joints affected certainly surpassed the ordinary powers of nature. Such cures have been effected by time and careful treatment. But no such cure was ever wrought by natural means in an instant. Weeks or months are needed to

bring it about. It altogether surpasses the powers of nature to effect it within the space of a few minutes. We are justified in pronouncing the cure miraculous, not *quoad substantiam*, to use the theological expression, but *quoad modum*, not in respect of its nature in itself, but in respect of the manner in which it was wrought.

Perhaps I may be allowed to quote one other instance of the same kind.

Mdlle. de Couronnel, a young lady aged seventeen, living in Paris, had been suffering for nearly two years from extreme shortness of breath and oppression, palpitation, anæmia. The doctors at first suspected *chlorosis* (a particular form of anæmia in which there is a deficiency of the red and white particles of the blood), but afterwards attributed the symptoms to Basedow's disease³ (*exophthalmic goitre*). Electricity and other remedies were tried without effect, and the breathlessness became so bad that the patient could not lie down, and had to be kept continually in a sitting posture. Such was her condition when she came to Lourdes on August 29, 1887, with the pilgrimage of Limoges.

On the 31st of August she bathed in the well. On coming out from the bath she was completely changed. Her mother, the Comtesse de Couronnel, writes as follows :

From that moment she never experienced the least discomfort. She runs up stairs with perfect ease, can walk several miles without fatigue, sleeps wonderfully well, and is able to resume her studies : has become, in fact, both mentally and physically what she was three years ago, and has not a trace of her long sufferings. Before quitting the Pyrenees she made the Stations of the Cross at Betharram (up a steep hill), though on arriving at Lourdes it was with great difficulty that she walked, even with help, from the carriage to the bath.

Here is a case in which it is the suddenness of the cure that we pronounce miraculous. That the disease "may gradually improve under medical treatment," is the utmost hope that physicians can hold out to those who are afflicted with it. That the disease disappears all at once, is the happy experience of one who has resort to our Lady's power to heal. But I must pass on to the second class of cures.

2. The second class consists of cures in which some change

³ Respecting this disease, Dr. Lander Brunton writes in Quain's *Dictionary of Medicine*: "The disease rarely disappears altogether, though after continuing for some years it may gradually improve" (*sub v.* Exophthalmic Glotre).

suddenly takes place which in itself might possibly be effected at any moment by the forces of nature, but which is justly regarded as miraculous on account of the circumstances under which it happens.

Our first example shall be one where the cure is effected, not by any disappearance of morbid symptoms or organic lesion, but by the unaccountable exit of the external substance that had produced the evil by its presence in the body. The case has special interest on account of its having been the subject of a formal commission of inquiry instituted by the Bishop of the diocese to examine its details and its reality. Nothing can have been more careful and guarded than the manner of proceeding pursued by this commission. No statement was admitted on the sole testimony of the person cured, and every sort of natural explanation of the facts, however utterly improbable, was thoroughly discussed, in order to guard against any possibility of delusion. After the investigation was completed, the facts were submitted to two distinguished physicians, in order that they might decide whether medical science could suggest any possible explanation based on the operation of merely natural laws.

In October, 1879, Celestine Dubois, a woman living in the service of one of her relations, M. Hériot, at Troyes, was washing a dress, when a needle concealed in the stuff ran into her hand, penetrating the ball of the left thumb. Mme. Hériot, hearing her cry of pain, took hold of the end of the needle that was still sticking out to a length sufficient to enable her to grasp it with her fingers in order to draw it out. But unfortunately it broke in her fingers, and half the needle remained in the thumb. The next day the hand was a little swollen, but there was no external mark of the entrance of the needle, and the doctor who was consulted did not think it necessary to open the thumb. For two years Celestine let the matter rest. From time to time she suffered acute pain for two or three weeks, especially at night. Then the pain disappeared for several months. She could not bear her thumb to be touched, and sometimes it was so painful that she would get up and plunge her hand in hot or cold water, in order to obtain relief.

Two years after the accident happened she again consulted a doctor. He said he could feel the needle, but he did not advise an operation. Celestine, however, having been told by several persons that it would end in her being quite disabled,

insisted on the needle being extracted. An incision was made, but the efforts of the physician, repeated during several weeks, were in vain. In his certificate, Dr. Hervey attests that he could feel the needle in the flesh without being able to extract it.

The poor woman, after this, resigned herself to her affliction, and saw no more doctors. Her hand was sometimes swollen, sometimes quite stiff, and from time to time exceedingly painful. Often she was quite unable to do her household work, and sometimes could not even dress or undress herself.

In 1886, she resolved to see whether it would please God to effect by supernatural means, at our Lady's intercession, what had baffled the skill of the physicians to bring about. The national pilgrimage to Lourdes counted among its members Mdlle. Celestine Dubois. At the time of her departure she was in a condition of severe suffering, but full of confidence that she was going to be cured. A day or two before she started, both M. Hériot and one of the Sisters of Charity distinctly felt the needle in the place it had always occupied amid the fleshy part of the thumb.

The pilgrimage arrived on Friday, the 20th of August, about eight o'clock. Celestine went at once to the Grotto, and prayed there all the morning. Then she went and held her hand under one of the taps, but without any effect except that the pain was rather greater than usual. The same afternoon she repeated the experiment, with the same result. About half-past four, a friend of hers from Troyes, Mdlle. Recoing, met her, and they went together to the bath, and entered a little room called the *Piscine des petits bains*. The room was very light, and contained a tub of very cold water from the spring. Celestine plunged her hand into the water, but drew it back at once crying out with pain. Her friend took hold of her wrist, and plunged it again in the water, holding it there nearly two minutes. Mdlle. Dubois continued to cry out with pain, her face was covered with perspiration and tears. When Mdlle. Recoing drew out her hand she examined it under the light. The fingers were straight, but the thumb was doubled up. She could see no trace of the needle.

A second time she plunged Celestine's hand into the water, and held it there about a minute, despite the cries and tears of the patient. When she drew it out the thumb was quite straight, and under the skin she could distinctly see nearly the whole length of the needle.

A third time she dipped the hand, this time for some thirty seconds. This time the needle had made its way to the end of the thumb, and the point was sticking out. Mdlle. Recoing took hold of it, and drew it out quite easily !

All this is confirmed by a third witness : Mdlle. Cornet, a lady living at Paris, who at the time had care of the room, had entered without the others noticing her. She had distinctly observed the spontaneous movement of the needle along the thumb until the point stuck out at the end of it. No sooner was the needle extracted, than Mdlle. Dubois told her friend that the pain was all gone. She could move her fingers with the greatest ease, but the hand was still a little swollen and stiff.

After visiting the Grotto and the Basilica, Mdlle. Dubois was conducted to the Bureau de Constatations médicales. Four doctors examined her. In an account written by one of them for the episcopal commission he describes the result of their examination. They were able to trace the line followed by the needle as it worked its way from the fleshy part in which it was imbedded to the point of exit at the end of the thumb. This line was about two and a half inches long, and consisted of two parts of a red line between the epidermis and the skin of about an inch long, extending from the point where the needle had entered to the lowest joint of the thumb, and a reddish line under the skin from the lowest joint of the thumb to the place at the top where the needle had come out. There was one break in the line, occurring at the bend of the thumb. The needle, in making its way, had come out from under the epidermis and re-entered a little further on. No blood came when the thumb was pressed, and the pressure caused no pain.

But the hand was still a little swollen, and Mdlle. Dubois was advised to try the effect of again dipping her hand in the water of the Grotto. She did so the next morning, the swelling being still very perceptible. She kept it in the water for about ten minutes, and on drawing it out all the swelling had disappeared, the hand, instead of being white and cold as it had been before, had resumed, and henceforward retained, its natural warmth and colour.

On her return to Troyes, her hand was examined by the doctors who had previously attended her, and the needle that they had been unable to extract was shown to them. They were both astonished at the sight of her thumb. When a needle comes out of a limb by any ordinary means, it leaves the mark

of its exit, and not a scratch along the skin, and the scar ought not to have remained so marked as has been the case. One of the doctors proposed to cover up the thumb, the result of which was that the hand became swollen and painful, and there was a sort of discharge from the scar. When the bandage was removed, the pain ceased, and the hand resumed its healthy condition. Mdlle. Dubois has ever since her cure (a period of twelve months) been able to do her ordinary work with perfect ease, is free from every suffering, and can use her left hand as if she had never had anything whatever the matter with it.

These are the facts of the case. The evidence for them is so strong that the hypothesis of deception can scarcely be admitted, and I imagine that the alternative of the sceptic would be to account for the exit of the needle by natural causes. By some chance coincidence, I imagine he would say, the needle worked its way out at the very time that the hand was plunged into the spring; possibly some unconscious movement, or the icy coldness of the water, favoured its exit. But its passage along the thumb under the epidermis renders this explanation absolutely inadmissible: no muscular action, no contraction of the sinews, could by any possibility bring it out of the fleshy lobe of the thumb in which it had been buried, and cause it to pass within the space of a few minutes over a distance of nearly three inches to the point of exit at the end of it. Any how, the very coincidence would be in itself a miracle. That the needle should, after refusing to be dislodged for seven years, choose that particular moment for its exit, is so wonderful a coincidence, that he who believes it to be a mere chance, or that it was the result of the hand being plunged for a few moments in cold water, must be another of our credulous sceptics.

Our second is of a malady altogether different from any of which we have as yet spoken.

Octavie Bureau, a child of seven, had been deaf and dumb from her birth. She had never given the least indication of hearing what was said to her, and had never uttered a word. In August, 1885, her mother promised our Lady to take her to Lourdes. Subsequently to this promise the child uttered, or her mother fancied she uttered, certain inarticulate sounds. But in 1886 the vow was performed. Octavie was taken to Lourdes, and plunged into the sacred water. On coming out of the bath she could hear the gentlest sounds, and could repeat any words spoken to her as if she had always had the use of her tongue.

In a very short time she learned to talk, without going through the gradual stages of indistinct utterance which are the invariable accompaniment, not only of a child's first attempt to speak, but of any attempt to speak a language the sounds of which differ from those we are accustomed to utter. The local doctor certifies that he had examined Octavie in the previous January, and found her deaf and dumb; but on her return from Lourdes, in the September of the following year, she heard perfectly the softest sounds, and repeated correctly what was said to her, though she did not understand its meaning.

Now, we do not deny that those who have been apparently deaf and dumb for years do sometimes suddenly speak under the influence of some sudden shock. We mentioned in a previous number the instance of the son of Cræsus, narrated by Herodotus. Of course this cannot be the case when the Eustachian tubes are destroyed or there is some other physical disorder of the apparatus of hearing. But it may happen that there has been some paralysis of the acoustic nerves, and that this may be all at once removed.

We therefore regard this cure as a miracle only because it happened at the moment that the child was dipped in the water. Our sceptical friends cannot talk of the influence of imagination in such a case as this. If they tell us that hearing and speech naturally returned on account of the shock of the cold water, we should venture to regard them as some of our credulous sceptics, ready to jump at any hypothesis in order to avoid admitting the true solution of the cure. But even then they have not accounted for the persistency of the cure. The abnormal effect of a sudden shock disappears when the excitement it causes is past, whereas Octavie heard as well and spoke better on her return home than at the moment of her cure.

3. Last of all, there is a third and a very large class of cures which are valuable as confirming those better established, and on account of their number and the absence of any external cause, than because they are in themselves so very extraordinary. With regard to these taken separately, we allow that Dr. Buchanan's argument holds good, and the parallels he adduces are insufficient only because he has but a few instances to oppose to the hundreds that we find in the history of Lourdes.

These include all cures of the multiform diseases resulting from *hysteria*, whether they be spasms, convulsions, partial or total paralysis, anæsthesia, hypæsthesia, ataxy, gastralgia, in-

somnia, or any other of the countless disorders resulting from an affection of the nerves or a diseased imagination. Of all such maladies, Benedict the Fourteenth prudently says that as imagination has a great power to produce diseases in the body, so we cannot doubt that imagination has a great power to cure them,⁴ and quotes the opinion of Muretanus, who says that where the disease is a nervous one, the excitement of the imagination, which is greatly moved by the hope of recovery, may cause a cure that seems to be a miracle. He further adds that, especially in the case of women, a real malady may be relieved for a time by some sudden impulse given to the fancy, but that in that case the cure almost invariably lasts only as long as the impulse which has produced it; but sometimes, where the disease is imaginary, there may be a permanent cure that is also the result of imagination. Of this class of miracles (if miracles they are) we will give only one instance, as it is time to come to a close.

Mdlle. Marie Thérèse Louiesloux, aged twenty-eight, lives at Lourdes itself. In February, 1885, she was attacked by severe pains in the hip joint, she had great difficulty in moving, one leg seemed longer than the other, and she could not stand or walk without a stick. After eighteen months of suffering, she was carried to the Grotto, bathed in the well, and found in an instant that all her pain was gone and she could walk with perfect ease. The medical certificate declares that she had been suffering from *chloro-anæmia*, and that a painful affection of the hip had supervened, possibly in consequence of a fall, and that on the 16th of July the symptoms above narrated were observed by him after an examination of the patient; that on the 24th of August all trace of lameness had disappeared; and that the parts which before could not bear a touch, could be pressed without causing any inconvenience; that the joints had become quite supple, and could be bent with perfect ease.

Here is an instance of cures which occur by the dozen at Lourdes. We do not say they are miracles, and the authorities of the Grotto carefully disown reckoning them as such. Of the above, the *Annales de Lourdes* expressly says, "Nous ne prétendons pas que cette guérison constitue un miracle." It may have been a purely imaginative malady, cured, as it was caused, by the force of imagination. But if it has disappeared never to return, if the same nervous derangement does not again assail

⁴ *De Canon. Sanct.* iv. 1, 33, 21, n. 23.

the patient, then of this, and all such cures, we may say that at least they are wonderful graces, and that when they occur in numbers they are something more than we can account for on any natural grounds.

To sum up. Lourdes abounds in cures which the pious soul attributes to the special mercy and grace of God. The great mass of these are not beyond the forces of nature, when we take them one by one—but in a large proportion of them there is at least something remarkable and extraordinary. In a certain number there are circumstances which justify us in regarding them as *probably* the immediate work of God at our Lady's intercession, beyond and beside the natural laws which govern the healing process, though perhaps each in itself might admit of a natural explanation. But when we exert ourselves to the utmost to give such explanation to as many as possible, there still remain a few in which it is absolutely impossible to deny that God has set aside all ordinary laws and natural processes, and has worked wonders of which we can only say, "O God, how wonderful are Thy ways. The earth is full of Thy praise!"

I have said nothing of the moral and spiritual miracles wrought at Lourdes, a thousand times more wonderful than any physical cures. If the lips of the good Fathers of the Grotto were to be unsealed, what hundreds and thousands of instances they could relate of the return to God of sinners so deeply steeped in sin that it seemed as if even the wonder-working grace of God could scarcely bring them back to the paths of virtue. None but God and our Lady and the Saints in Heaven know, or ever can know, of all the murders, sacrileges, adulteries, blasphemies, outrages of the Divine Majesty of every sort and description, which have been forgiven at Lourdes at our Lady's intercession. The physical miracle makes an impression upon our imagination, and we adore with grateful, astonished gratitude the wondrous power of Mary's prayers, but no disease was ever so hard to cure, no painful malady so apparently hopeless, as that of the countless souls in mortal sin who have come to Lourdes laden with the heavy burden of sin, and have returned with a light heart and clear conscience, exclaiming, "Glory be to God! eternal thanks to His Immaculate Mother!"

R. F. C.

The Connection of Law with Religion and Moral Theology.

THE divorce of science from religion is one of the chief characteristics of our day. As Catholics we deeply lament it, and trace it to its true cause, consisting in the dislike of submission and of all supernatural authority. In the following remarks we propose merely to point out one more instance in which modern thought has departed from the truth, namely, in its opinions respecting the foundation and purpose of human law. And this we do for the sake of showing the true connection of law, with religion and the science of Christian morality.

Ulpian's definition tells us that jurisprudence is the knowledge of things Divine and human; the science of what is just and unjust.¹ Here we have the subject referred to the natural law written in the hearts of all men. In the same title of the digest, and just before the passage we have quoted, we find the same great authority saying, "Justice is a constant and abiding will to render to each his right. These are the precepts of the law, to live honestly, to injure no one, to give to each his due." The remarkable resemblance between these precepts and those of the Gospel, as to the love of God and of our neighbour, has been ably discussed by the late Sir George Bowyer in his interesting work on *The Universal Public Law*.

We are told now-a-days, that all legal right and wrong had its origin after human society was put in motion and began to reflect and act; and thus to talk of law and right as applied to mankind at a supposed period anterior to society beginning to think and act, is a contradiction in terms.² Now the great danger of this doctrine is that it leads to the opinion that the natural law is an induction from the experience of men, and to forgetfulness of the truth that the principles of justice are eternal, and that they

¹ D. I. I. 10.

² Holland, *Jurisprudence*, p. 32.

are implanted by God in the minds of men. St. Thomas calls the natural law, *Participatio legis æternæ in rationali creatura*.

The modern analytical school have taken great pains to show their contempt for the manner in which the earlier writers have pressed, perhaps rather to excess, the analogy between the laws of the inanimate creation and those of men. Professor Pollock acknowledges that these criticisms have been too severe, "as if the likeness were merely verbal and misleading,"³ and he points out a resemblance between these two kinds of laws, in the uniformity at which they both aim in their several spheres of action. We venture to assert that this is by no means the most important point of likeness, and that the great feature which the two systems have in common is their source, the Great Lawgiver, who rules the whole of His creation, but by different methods: inanimate things by what we call natural causes; animals by their instinct, and man by his reason, which, directed by certain agents, of which law is one, is to guide him in the use of his free will.

The great French jurist Domat has been blamed by modern writers for mingling law with religion, and even Austin's method of bringing in the law of God as ascertained by reference to utility, has been disapproved.⁴ We are therefore naturally led to inquire what the exact connection is between positive Law, religion, and the science of morals.

A law is "a general rule of external human action enforced by a sovereign political authority."⁵ What can this have to do with God or with morals? We will proceed to answer the question. The laws of man are nothing else but the rules of his conduct, and his conduct is nothing else but the steps which a man makes towards his end.⁶ What is that end? Mr. Pollock gives us the latest view as gathered from Mr. Spencer's *Data of Ethics*. "In other words," he writes,⁷ "all men are at bottom hedonists, pleasure somewhere is the tacitly implied ultimate end on any view of life, and if we call good the conduct conducive to life, we can do so only with the implication that it is conducive to a surplus of pleasures over pains." We prefer the teaching of the Penny Catechism, which tells us that the end of man is the attainment of God in the next world, by means of the knowledge, love and service of Him in this.

³ *Essays on Jurisprudence and Ethics*, p. 42.

⁴ Lightwood, *The Nature of Positive Law*, ch. i. ⁵ Holland, *Jurisprudence*.

⁶ Domat, *Civil Law*, ch. i. ⁷ *Essays on Jurisprudence and Ethics*, p. 357.

All human laws, whether canon or civil, derive their authority from God, for the ruling powers which enforce them are ordained by God. If, then, human laws are a means ordained by God for the direction of man's steps towards his end, they ought to work in harmony with the other agents which are ordained to exercise the same function, only in a more direct and intimate manner, namely, religion and moral theology; otherwise man will be subjected to contradictory teachers, and the result will be confusion. The Gospel precepts, (1) the love of God, and (2) the love of our neighbour, are the foundation of all three of these teaching agents. Therefore, all human laws (except those which settle mere arbitrary matters), should follow as direct or indirect consequences of these two fundamental laws. In other words, the criterion of a good law is, not "whether it corresponds with the wishes of the community, whether right or wrong,"⁸ which is the modern idea, but whether it is in harmony with, and bears any relation to, the two fundamental laws. Blackstone says:⁹

The law of nature, being coeval with mankind and dictated by God Himself, is of course superior in obligation to any other. It is binding all over the globe, in all countries and at all times, no human laws are of any validity if contrary to this, and such of them as are valid derive all their force and all their authority, mediately or immediately from this original.

But his notion was that the Creator had graciously reduced the rule of obedience to this one paternal precept, "that man should pursue his own true and substantial happiness." This, however, seems to point rather to the result of obedience to the precepts of the natural law, than to the precepts themselves. Domat built his theory of Jurisprudence upon the text of the Gospel referred to above, which declares that upon the love of God and the love of our neighbour hangs the whole law. From the love of God springs the obligatory force of the whole law of nature, and, upon that principle, the duty of obedience to the natural law is made independent of the hope of reward and the fear of punishment.¹⁰ Still Blackstone does refer the matter to God, and the precept which he conceived to be the great commandment of the law, does incidentally coincide with the teaching of natural and revealed religion; for, both he who,

⁸ *The Common Law*, by O. W. Holmes, Jun. p. 41.

⁹ *Blackstone's Commentaries*, Introduction, section 2.

¹⁰ Bowyer, *Commentaries on the Modern Civil Law*, p. 167.

without the light of revelation, observes the natural law, and he who, possessing the truths of revelation, observes the Christian law, will in fact be pursuing their own true and substantial happiness.¹¹ Moreover, Blackstone expressly admits, as a foundation, divine revelation, though he confines it to the Sacred Scriptures; he says: "Upon these two foundations, the law of nature and the law of revelation, depend all human laws; that is to say, no human laws should be suffered to contradict these."

We see, then, that the connection between Religion, Moral Theology, and Law, is most intimate; for they are all ordained by the same Great Lawgiver to effect, in different methods, the same purpose. In many instances these faculties assist and confirm one another by enforcing, by means of different sanctions, the same rules; yet each province has its own special sphere, each supplying what is wanting in the others; so that there are many cases in which moral theology will leave the decision of a question to the positive law: or, rather, will adopt its view of the case, because the law of the land is the divinely appointed authority (1) for settling many matters which, from a moral point of view, are in themselves indifferent; and (2) for carrying out in detail very many of the deductions from, and consequences of, the natural law. In the former case the law is necessary for the sake of order, and the test of its justice is utility; while in the latter, the test of its justice is its correspondence with the two primary laws. No doubt there may be cases where a man may be morally, though not legally, bound because the law can provide only for common cases;¹² it cannot foresee all events and circumstances, and, moreover, it is not a judge of intention in itself, but only of intention as manifested by outward actions and words.

We will now proceed to give an instance from the English Law of Contracts, in which it seems to us that a man would be morally though not legally bound; and we shall end our remarks with an example from the law of principal and agent, illustrative of the general maxim, "Conscience follows the law."

¹¹ Domat (ch. i. 7) after mentioning the two fundamental laws, viz., the love of God and the love of our neighbour, says: "And there is no other law which commands every one to love himself, because no one can love himself better than by keeping the first law, and by steering the course of his life towards the fruition of that good to which it calls us."

¹² "Neque leges, neque Senatus consulta, ita scribi possunt, ut omnes casus qui quandoque inciderint comprehendantur, sed sufficit ea quæ plerumque accidunt contineri" (D. I. 3. 10).

Our first illustration has reference to the Statute of Frauds,¹³ which prescribes that a writing shall be employed in certain kinds of contracts. A, on Saturday, the 21st of April, by word of mouth, hires B to serve him for one year at a certain salary, the service not to commence, however, until Monday, the 23rd. Now this was obviously a contract which could not by any possibility be performed within a year from the making thereof, the 21st of April; and should, in order to satisfy the Statute of Frauds, have been put into writing.¹⁴ B enters upon his new employment, and considers himself provided for, at least for a year, when suddenly A, long before the expiration of twelve months, dismisses him without either notice, or payment in lieu of notice. B has no legal remedy whatever.¹⁵ Now it is inconceivable that this conduct can be morally justifiable; especially when we take into consideration the object of this curious and very ancient Act of Parliament, and the interpretation which the courts have placed upon it. Its object, as we gather from the preamble, was "for prevention of many fraudulent practices which are commonly endeavoured to be upheld by perjury and subornation of perjury." By the interpretation placed by the courts upon the 4th and 17th sections, we find that their effect is, not to make contracts entered into without compliance with their requirements void, but merely to render them incapable of proof in a court of law, so that the contracts themselves still remain in existence. Nay, in one class of cases (we mean those relating to sales of land), the Courts of Equity have gone so far as practically to overrule the statute; for, although it is provided by section 4 that no action shall be brought upon a contract or sale of land, unless there be an agreement, or memorandum in writing duly signed, yet these courts have held that where an intended purchaser is let into possession in pursuance of a parol contract, that is sufficient to prevent the Statute of Frauds being set up as a bar to the proof of the parol contract.¹⁶ The rulings of the Courts of Equity in cases of this kind have been characterized as bold decisions, and have indeed never been extended, but so far as they go they cannot now be called in question, and they certainly throw light upon the nature of the statute. We

¹³ 29 Car. II. c. 3.

¹⁴ A general hiring, though construed to be for a year, need not be in writing (*Beeston v. Collyer*, 4 Bing 309).

¹⁵ *Britain v. Rossiter*, L.R. 11 Q.B.D. 123.

¹⁶ Sir George Jessel, M.R. in *Ungley v. Ungley*, L.R. 5 Ch. D. 887.

look upon the fact of the principle not being applied to other cases—which formerly would not have come before the Court of Chancery, but now would be the subjects of equitable treatment, and certainly require equitable relief quite as much as those relating to land—as a strong illustration of the rigidity to which, as the late Sir Henry Maine has noticed, all systems however elastic in their beginnings, invariably tend.¹⁷

We may remark, however, that it is possible that the statute in question may sometimes be used in a righteous cause, but, to quote Sir James Stephen :

The cases in which a man of honour would condescend to avail himself of it must, I should think, be very rare indeed. I can think of no such case except, indeed, that of deliberate perjury. An illustration will show my meaning. A had some negotiations with B about the purchase of a house. B tried to make A specifically perform an agreement, which, as alleged (I have no doubt with perfect truth), he had never made. A was able to silence B by saying that at all events there was no agreement within the Statute of Frauds ; and so far the statute had its proper and intended effect. At the same time A was judge in his own cause. If he had been a dishonest man, and had made the agreement suggested, the statute would have enabled him to break it.¹⁸

We will now take a case in which we think that conscience would follow the law. Is an agent employed by A allowed to take any remuneration from B, with whom he is dealing, in the course of his agency, on behalf of A ?

Now, when the effect of the remuneration would be, or might be, to make the agent in any way disloyal to his principal, it is quite clear that he has no right to entertain the idea of such remuneration for one moment. " It needs no authority to show that, even although the employers are not actually injured, and the bribe fails to have the intended effect, a contract such as this (*i.e.*, for remuneration from the other side) is a corrupt one and cannot be enforced."¹⁹

But suppose that the *douceur* offered is not in the least likely to have that effect. We still think the remuneration quite unlawful, in the absence of knowledge and acquiescence on the part of the principal. Let us take an illustration.

¹⁷ *Ancient Law*, 11th edition, pp. 68, 69.

¹⁸ *Law Quarterly Review*, January, 1885.

¹⁹ Per Field. J. in *Harrington v. Victoria Graving Dock Company*, L.R. 3 Q.B.D. 552.

J, who was indebted to L, agreed to insure his (J's) life, and assign the policy to L, as part of the security he was offering for the debt. C, who was L's solicitor, and acting for him in the negotiations respecting the debt, introduced J to a certain Life Assurance Company, and he insured his life with them. This Company were in the habit of paying a commission on the annual premium to any solicitor who introduced a life. L paid the premiums through C the solicitor, and the Company always returned to C the commission. L knew nothing about this, and only discovered it in the fourth year, when the Company, by mistake, sent the demand to L himself, instead of to the solicitor, upon which, L at once paid the amount of the premium, and the commission was handed back to his messenger. Thenceforth L continued to pay the premiums himself, and to credit J, his debtor, with the amount of the commission. C then brought his action against L to recover this commission. The court, however (consisting of Mathew and Cave, J.J.), decided unhesitatingly in favour of the defendant, thus affirming the decision of Mr. Commissioner Kerr. They said that as L did not know that C was receiving commission, the rule of law applied, that when an agent derives a benefit unknown to his principal, such as this commission, he must account for it to his principal. It might be that C assumed that L was aware of the practice, but as a matter of fact it appeared that he was not, and that being so, they held, not only that C could not recover the commissions received by L, but that he must refund those received during the first three years.²⁰

If, however, a person employs another, who he knows carries on a large business, to do certain work for him as his agent with other persons, and does not choose to ask him what his charge will be, and in fact knows that he is to be remunerated, not by him, but by the other persons—which is very common in mercantile business—he must allow the ordinary amount which agents are in the habit of charging.²¹ A well known mercantile custom, of which all traders are presumed to have knowledge, will of course take a case out of the ordinary rule of law.²² But where the parties are not traders, it will be necessary to fix

²⁰ *Copp v. Lynch and the Law Life Assurance Co.* 26. *Solicitor's Journal*, 348 and 361.

²¹ *Per Mellish L.J. in Great Western Insurance Co. v. Cunliffe*, L.R. 9 Ch. at p. 540.

²² *Baring v. Stanton* L.R. 3 Ch. D. 502.

the principal with actual knowledge in order to prove acquiescence on his part, without which the remuneration will be illegal. The late Lord Justice Mellish gave the following illustration :

A gentleman employs his servant to pay his tradesman's bills, and the servant goes to the tradesman and says, "I have received the money to pay your bill, but you must make me a present out of it." The tradesman says, "I am willing to make you a present out of it." Then a sum is deducted, the money is put down, and it is handed back. In a certain sense, no doubt, that sum of money will become the property of the servant. He could not be indicted for embezzlement, nor, probably, for putting it into his pocket and using it ; but there is no doubt that if an account was properly taken by any court of justice he would be answerable for it, because it is perfectly obvious that if the creditor who receives the payment is willing to make a deduction and discount for the sum he had received, that must be for the benefit of the master who is making the payment, and not for the benefit of the servant who, without the consent of the master, has no right to receive any such profit.²³

W. C. MAUDE.

²³ Hay's case L. R. 10 Ch. 603.

Charles Darwin's Work and Teaching.

WE propose, in our present article, to give some account of Darwin's principal works, and of his teaching. In making our estimate of his contributions to science we shall, as far as may be, appeal to the testimony of his fellow-workers. Darwin's work falls into the three groups of geology, biology, and botany, and we shall, accordingly, gather our remarks under these heads.

If we except the *Journal*, Darwin's earliest work was his book on *Coral Reefs*. In it he offered a solution of the problem how the well-known atolls and barrier-reefs of the southern seas had grown up. According to Darwin, all the conditions of the problem are satisfied if we suppose the corals to have built upon islands or rocks which were slowly sinking. This theory, which was conceived in an eminently deductive manner on the west coast of South America before he had seen a true coral reef, has excited much admiration. "No more admirable example of scientific method," says Professor Geikie,¹ "was ever given to the world, and even if he had written nothing else, this treatise alone would have placed Darwin in the very front of investigators of nature." Alas for the vaunted scientific method, the researches of the last few years do not confirm Darwin's theory. Mr. Murray, one of the most prominent scientific men of the *Challenger* staff, brought forward some eight years ago such a mass of evidence against the theory of subsidence that Darwin was very rash when in his *Journal* "he ventured to defy any one to explain in any other manner, how it is possible that numerous islands should be distributed throughout vast areas—all the islands being low—all being built of corals, absolutely requiring a foundation within a limited depth from the surface." We cannot be surprised that Darwin was unable to change his view, for he was then (1880) a very old and feeble man, engrossed in other work. In a letter to Mr. Agassiz, dated May 5, 1881, he says he had long pondered

¹ *Charles Darwin* (Nature Series), p. 18.

over the theory which Mr. Murray had just advocated, but rejected it, because from the few dredgings made in the southern seas he concluded that shells and smaller corals decayed. He then adds that he can hardly believe—and this was precisely the point that Mr. Murray tried to make good—"in the former presence of as many banks (there having been no subsidence) as there are atolls in the great oceans." The whole letter indicates that while not ready to give up his original theory, Darwin was far from being in the triumphant spirit which inspired the quoted sentence from the *Journal*. Surely here is a great lesson for all of us.² A scientific dogma which for forty years held the field without a rival was but a superstition gilded by a mighty name. We cannot help asking how many more scientific beliefs rest, as did this one, on the principle of exclusion.³

During part of the summer of 1838, Darwin examined the

² A lesson much needed, seeing that Darwin could write to Mr. Ridley, in 1878, "The public is wise enough always to follow scientific men when they agree on any subject."

³ The *Times*, in its review of *Science in 1887*, has the following instructive paragraph: "A topic intimately associated with the name of Darwin has excited a widespread interest on both sides of the Atlantic. Darwin's theory of the origin of coral reefs gave him a high reputation as an original investigator long before the publication of the *Origin of Species*. That theory was generally accepted as an almost complete explanation of one of the most curious of Nature's operations. Some eight years ago Mr. John Murray, one of the ablest of the *Challenger* staff, presented a paper to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in which he endeavoured to show that Darwin's theory was unsatisfactory, and did not accord with the facts; elevation in his idea playing a much more important part than depression. Not a few reputable geologists, including the present Director of the Geological Survey, were captivated with Mr. Murray's theory, and did their best to promote it. Darwin himself did not see his way to change his views, though, as a matter of fact, he was at the time too much interested in other subjects to give much attention to this one. During the past year the Duke of Argyll wrote a paper in one of the monthly magazines, under the title of "A Conspiracy of Silence," in which he endeavoured to make out that Mr. Murray's paper was suppressed for long after it was written because he, then young and unknown, dared to attack a theory fathered by Charles Darwin. The person more immediately charged with this suppression was the late Sir Wyville Thomson, then Mr. Murray's chief, in whose hands the paper was placed by the Royal Society of Edinburgh for his judgment. This charge has naturally excited indignation among men of science generally on both sides of the Atlantic, and the known facts of the case do not support it in the least. Sir Wyville Thomson was himself an anti-Darwinian, and was, moreover, a timid man; and at the time referred to was not in the best of health. Who were his fellow-conspirators we do not know; but as a matter of fact an account of the paper was read at the Edinburgh Society about 1880, and Mr. Murray's theory was discussed freely both in Europe and America, and has since been referred to in numerous text-books. Some very hard things have been said on both sides in the recent controversy, which has not done anything to promote the interests of science."

celebrated Glen Roy in Scotland. The Parallel Roads some geologists maintained had been formed by lakes in Glen Roy, with rock or alluvium as barriers. This theory did not commend itself to Darwin. In a very interesting letter to Sir C. Lyell he declares that he is "fully convinced" that the shelves are sea-beaches, and in a memoir on the subject published in the Philosophical Transactions of 1839 he says that "no hypothesis founded on the supposed existence of a sheet of water confined by barriers can be admitted." Thus because he had shown that the barriers could not have been rock he concluded that there had been no barriers at all, and because on his theory lake-action was impossible, he flooded the district with the sea. But later geologists have gone back to the lake theory, and have proved that barriers there were, not indeed of rock, but of glacier-ice. Once again reasoning by exclusion led Darwin wrong, and he candidly confessed that he was ashamed of his mistake.

But blunders such as these must not blind us to the good work he accomplished in his *Geology of the Voyage of the Beagle*, and *Geological Observations of South America*. These geological researches, though not of the epoch-making kind, Professor Geikie considers to have given a powerful impulse to the general reception of Lyell's teaching by reason of the wide range from which Darwin gathered his facts. It is curious to note that Darwin's first special study and his last were both geological works. *Coral Islands*, in 1839, began the series, and *Earth-worms*, in 1881, ended it. As long ago as 1838, Darwin published a paper on the work done by earth-worms, and it was characteristic of his method thus to take up a subject for a period, and then for years either completely to lay aside its prosecution or merely collect, while engaged on other studies, facts bearing on his theory. This habit he considered of great value; he was able after such an interval to test his hypothesis with much of the impartiality of an outsider, and hence perhaps it is that in his greater researches there appears such solidity of workmanship. The book on *Earth-worms* at once became popular; 8,500 copies were sold in the three years following its publication.

When we rank Darwin with Newton, Harvey, and Dalton, we do not think of him as a geologist. If they laid the foundations of astronomy, physiology and chemistry, Darwin created the science of biology. This he did in the ever famous

book, the *Origin of Species*. Now for the first time by the publication of Darwin's *Life and Letters*, we have the full history of this theory revealed to us, and a singularly interesting history it is.

When Darwin went on the voyage of the *Beagle*, no living scientific man of note believed in the transmutation of species. Geology had revealed the fact that the eternal hills were slowly changing, but species were thought to be immoveably fixed. True, Lamarck, the celebrated naturalist, and Chambers, the author of the *Vestiges*, had maintained that species were subject to modification, but their speculations—proofs they had none—awoke no more echo in the breasts of scientific men than the poem of *Lucretius*, or the exposition of Herbert Spencer. Men seemed to consider the whole subject as belonging to the domain of metaphysics, and practical Englishmen left it in that limbo of forgotten things.

During the voyage of the *Beagle*, Darwin writes in his autobiography, I had been duly impressed by discovering in the Pampean formation great fossil animals covered with armour like that on the existing armadillos; secondly, by the manner in which closely allied animals replace one another in proceeding southwards over the Continent; and thirdly, by the South American character of most of the productions of the Galapagos Archipelago, and more especially by the manner in which they differ slightly on each island of the group; none of the islands appearing to be very ancient in a geological sense.⁴

Now such facts as these Darwin thought could only be explained on the supposition that species are by slow degrees modified; but how? Neither surrounding conditions nor the will of organisms could account for the many wonderful adaptations we see everywhere in nature. Yet if the genesis of these could not be brought to light it seemed useless to attempt the problem of the modification of species. This "mystery of mysteries" must, if man could win his way behind the veil, be solved by assuming first, that the past is to be interpreted by the present, an assumption equally necessary to the historian and the geologist, and secondly, that the cause of the modification of natural species must be analogous to the cause that produces the varieties among the domesticated races. Hence all facts which bore in any way on the variation of animals and

⁴ Speaking of the productions of the Galapagos Archipelago in his *Voyage*, Darwin, in the chapter thereon, says that they bring us "somewhat near to that fact—the mystery of mysteries—the first appearance of new beings on this earth."

plants under domestication and nature would, from Darwin's point of view, be of value, and he set to work to bring together such facts by opening his first note-book in July, 1837. "I worked on true Baconian principles, and without any theory [of how species were modified], collected facts on a wholesale scale, more especially with respect to domesticated productions, by printed inquiries, by conversation with skilful breeders and gardeners, and by extensive reading. When I see the list of books of all kinds which I read and abstracted, including whole series of journals and transactions, I am surprised at my industry." Many of the letters in the second volume of Darwin's *Life and Letters* bear eloquent testimony to this his never-tiring industry. To take but one example, the elaborate care he used to discover whether seeds after immersion would germinate. Thus he writes to Sir J. Hooker :

I have had one experiment some little time in progress which will, I think, be interesting, namely, seeds in salt-water, immersed in water of 32° — 33° , which I have and shall long have, as I filled a great tank with snow. . . . I have in small bottles out of doors, exposed to variation of temperature, cress, radish, cabbages, carrots and celery, and onion seed—four great families.

He then goes on to say that all after a week's immersion germinated, adding, "To-day I replant the same seeds as above after fourteen days' immersion. As many sea-currents go a mile an hour, even in a week they might be transported 169 miles ; the Gulf Stream is said to go fifty and sixty miles a day." In another letter to the same correspondent he laughs at himself for some of his experiments. "They are so *absurd* even in *my* opinion that I dare not tell you." But he was far from being out of the wood. Sir J. Hooker suggested that perhaps the seeds would not float.

I have written to Scoresley, and have had rather a dry answer, but very much to the purpose, and giving me no hopes of any law unknown to me which might arrest their everlasting descent into the deepest of the ocean. . . . The bore is, if the confounded seeds will sink, I have been taking all this trouble in salting the ungrateful rascals for nothing.

Everything has been going wrong with me lately. The fish at the Zoological Society ate up lots of soaked seeds, and in imagination they had in my mind been swallowed, fish and all by a heron, had been carried a hundred miles, been voided on the banks of some other lake,

and germinated splendidly, when lo and behold, the fish ejected vehemently, and with disgust equal to my own, *all* the seeds from their mouths.

In another attempt both fish and storks behaved as they ought to have done, and the seeds upon which the experiment was tried, sprang up.

But, he continues in a letter to Hooker, "I am not going to give up the floating yet." He intends trying fresh seed; should these be recalcitrant, he must believe that a pod or a whole plant is washed into the sea.

If the reader will turn to the twelfth chapter of the *Origin of Species*⁵ he will find a summary of these numberless experiments compressed into a couple of pages. As a scientific writer has truly remarked, no one knew the amount of evidence Darwin accumulated on each single point that tended to illustrate his argument. If he expended so much careful diligence over what he deemed a very secondary matter, we can infer the vast store of facts he considered it necessary to accumulate on any point of the first importance. But we are not left to inferences alone; in some cases the argument of a few pages of the *Origin* was afterwards expanded into a volume, the material for which lay before him as he wrote the original book. And what a vast store of material he did accumulate for his theory will further be illustrated by extracts from two letters addressed to Mr. Fox, and written in 1856: "My notes are so numerous during nineteen years' collection, that it would take me at least a year to go over and classify them." "Sometimes I fear I shall break down, for my subject gets bigger and bigger with each month's work." Moreover, new facts were continually suggesting fresh difficulties and making fresh calls upon his industry. He confessed to Sir J. Hooker, just before he published his book, that some observations and deductions of the botanist puzzled him for years, but he never knew what it was to be beaten, for he was a firm believer, as he used often to say, that "it's dogged as does it."

Very soon after setting to work at the species problem, Darwin discovered that selection was the keystone of man's success in making useful races of animals and plants. But how could selection affect organisms living in the state of nature? If this question could be answered, the broad outlines of a working theory would be at hand. In October, 1838, after some months of systematic inquiry, light broke in upon his mind as

⁵ Pp. 324-327. Sixth Edition.

he read for amusement *Malthus on Population*, and from it he got the idea that in the struggle for existence "favourable varieties would tend to be preserved and unfavourable ones to be destroyed. The result of this would be the formation of new species."

Fifteen months sufficed to strike out a theory which it took twenty years to prove to the satisfaction of its discoverer. Darwin always disclaimed genius for himself, but here at least we see at work that intuitive faculty which constitutes intellects of the highest order. By some process unknown to us, his mind divined that in the struggle for existence he held the master-key to unlock the "mystery of mysteries." It is wonderful to think of this solitary man conceiving a notion which some naturalists held as demonstrably false and all as unproveable, and patiently, during nearly a quarter of a century, toiling at the problem, without encouragement even from his friends, who, as Darwin tells us, could not even grasp what was meant by natural selection. Thus in 1844 he writes to Sir J. Hooker: "I have been ever since my return engaged in a very presumptuous work, and I know no one individual who would not say a very foolish one. . . . I think I have found out (here's presumption!) the simple way by which species become exquisitely adapted to various ends. You will now groan, and think to yourself, 'On what a man have I been wasting my time and writing to.' I should, five years ago, have thought so." Twelve years later, writing to Asa Gray, he fears that his tendency will be to despise him and his crotchets. Moreover, he dreaded that, as far as others were concerned, his labour might be thrown away. "With respect to my far-distant work on species," he writes in 1845 to Mr. Jenyns, "I must have expressed myself with singular inaccuracy if I led you to suppose that I meant to say that my conclusions were inevitable. They have become so, after years of weighing puzzles, to myself *alone*; but in my wildest day-dream, I never expect more than to be able to show that there are two sides to the question of the immutability of species." But the overwhelming sense of the truth of his proposition seems to have rendered him proof against discouragement, of which we find no traces in his letters beyond such expressions as, "How awfully flat I shall feel, if, when I get my notes together on species, the whole thing explodes like an empty puff-ball."

The years from 1837 to 1854 Darwin spent in amassing facts

bearing on the subject of species, and from 1854 to 1859 he devoted his "whole time to arranging his notes, to observing, and to experimenting" in relation to transmutation. "In June, 1842," he tells us in his autobiography, "I first allowed myself the satisfaction of writing a very brief abstract of my theory in pencil in 35 pages, and this was enlarged during the summer of 1844 into one of 230 pages," which he directed his wife, in case of his death, to have published under the care of a competent editor. In 1856, Sir C. Lyell persuaded Darwin to write out his views pretty fully, and this he set to work to do on a scale three or four times as extensive as that which was followed in the published work, and yet Darwin assures us that it was only a summary of the materials which he had collected. But his plans were upset by a curious incident which probably has no parallel except in the simultaneous discovery of the planet Neptune by Leverrier and Adams. In 1858 Mr. Wallace, who was then in the Malay Archipelago, sent Darwin an essay entitled, *On the Tendency of Varieties to depart indefinitely from the Original Type*; "and this essay," Darwin tells us, "contained exactly the same theory as mine."

After much hesitation, Darwin, at the instigation of Sir C. Lyell and Sir J. Hooker, consented to allow an abstract of his MS., together with a letter addressed to Asa Gray, dated September 5, 1857, to be published at the same time as Mr. Wallace's essay in the *Proceedings of the Linnean Society*. These joint productions produced little effect, and the only published notice of them was by Professor Haughton, of Dublin, who was foolish enough to say that "all that was new in them was false, and what was true was old."

Darwin, now that his views had become public, resolved at the earliest possible date to give briefly to the world his theory and the reasons for holding it. "I abstracted," we read in his autobiography, "the MS. begun on a much larger scale in 1856, and completed the volume on the same reduced scale. It cost me thirteen months and ten days' hard labour," and was published, under the now familiar title of the *Origin of Species*, in November, 1859. Its success from a monetary point of view was at once great. The first edition of 1,250 copies was all sold on the day of issue, and a second edition of 3,000 soon afterwards. For these two editions the author received from his publisher £816 13s. 4d., which represents but a small portion of his total receipts, for by 1876 sixteen thousand copies had

been sold in England alone. The *Origin* has been translated into every European tongue, even into Bohemian and Polish.

No book, we suppose, has during this century created a greater sensation or been of more enduring effect, and no book which did not embody much truth could have lived through the storm that its appearance aroused. The onset was immediate and deadly, and the attack was delivered simultaneously from many quarters. Religion, under the sorry travesty of Anglican orthodoxy, science, in the person of nearly all its leading men, and literature, as represented by the reviewers, bore down on what they felt sure was certain game. Foremost among the doughty champions of "pure" religion was Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, "good at the war-cry." First of all, from behind the cover of the *Quarterly Review*, he shot his shafts. Darwin was a "flighty" person, whose aim was "to prop up his utterly rotten fabric of guess and speculation," and whose "mode of dealing with nature was utterly dishonourable to natural science." Defamation such as this was safe enough, but the Bishop had the rashness to commit himself to definite statements in the matter of science. He even went a step further. With an imprudence which only success could have condoned, he openly attacked the *Origin of Species* in the famous meeting of the British Association held at Oxford in 1860. The Bishop is described, by one who heard him, as speaking "with inimitable spirit, emptiness, and unfairness. . . . He ridiculed Darwin badly, and Huxley savagely, but all in such dulcet tones, so persuasive a manner, and in such well-turned periods, that I, who had been inclined to blame the President for allowing a discussion that could serve no scientific purpose, now forgave him from the bottom of my heart." Unfortunately for himself, the Bishop unwisely turned round and addressed Mr. Huxley with the question whether he was related by his grandfather's or grandmother's side to an ape. Mr. Huxley has never been slow to strike back, and his blows are generally well directed. His retort, as reported by Mr. J. R. Green, then an undergraduate at Oxford, was as follows :

I asserted, and I repeat, that a man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape for his grandfather. If there were an ancestor whom I should feel shame in recalling, it would be a *man*, a man of restless and versatile intellect, who, not content with an equivocal success in his own sphere of activity, plunges into scientific questions with which he

has no real acquaintance, only to obscure them by an aimless rhetoric, and distract the attention of his hearers from the real point at issue by eloquent digressions, and skilled appeals to religious prejudice.

After this rejoinder, Sir J. Hooker demonstrated that by the Bishop's own showing he had never grasped the principles of the *Origin*, and that even the elements of botanical science were an unknown world to him.

The opposition of the orthodox Protestant was only natural. In the interpretation of Scripture he had only the unaided light of reason to guide him, and by its flickering rays he felt bound to interpret the Sacred Book literally. For him then there were two theories of creation, that of *Genesis* and that of the *Origin*. No ingenuity could reconcile and blend them; he must take one or the other, he could not take both. Accordingly, unless the poor Anglican Church were willing to give up the inspiration of Holy Writ, the only thing to be done was to raise the hue and cry against "natural selection." Surely, it was thought, if enough mud were thrown, some would stick and befoul Darwin and his book. And dainty, episcopal fingers pelted mud as fast as they could, but lo! history reveals the figure of the Bishop, not the author of the *Origin*, bespattered and bemired.

But science had not a kindlier welcome for the hypothesis. "There is not," says Mr. Huxley, "the slightest doubt that, if a general council of the church scientific had been held" in 1860, "we [the evolutionists] should have been condemned by an overwhelming majority." For this Darwin was quite prepared. He considered that the chief cause of the general unwillingness to accept the idea that one species has given birth to other and distinct species, was due to the slowness with which we admit great changes of which we do not see the steps. Moreover, scientific men, unlike some politicians, do not relish revising their opinions. Few of us behold with equanimity our old beliefs in men and things undermined; they seem to have become an essential part of ourselves, even as the parasitical ivy appears one and the same with the tree. Hence, said Darwin, in the closing pages of his immortal book, "I look with confidence to the future—to young and rising naturalists, who will be able to review both sides of the question with impartiality."

It remains for us now to see whether this confidence, to which Darwin clung so firmly, was misplaced, and in so doing we shall find it necessary to understand what exactly was his view of evolution; we shall then consider to what extent

scientific men hold it, and if we find that there has been a general right-about-face of the church scientific, we shall like reasonable men try to discover the reason thereof.

The main thesis of the *Origin* is easy enough to grasp. Darwin had no difficulty in proving that all sentient beings tend to increase in geometrical ratio, and that, notwithstanding this tendency, the aggregate of such beings remains a constant quantity. There must then be a great struggle for existence ever going on around us; the world is a huge battlefield, in which victory and defeat never cease. Moreover, though the offspring resembles to a large extent its parent, the resemblance is seldom perfect; throughout nature variety is never absent. Now those beings, which possess useful modifications, survive in the struggle, for the battle is to the strong, and accumulated modifications give birth to new species. And so, step by step, Darwin was led to the conclusion that all the wonderful varieties of life on this globe, the tiniest blade of grass and the gigantic oak, the minutest microbe and the huge elephant, the senseless worm and thinking man, were certainly derived from not more than a few primitive organisms, probably from one. "There is grandeur in this view of life," so runs the last sentence in the *Origin of Species*, "with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator⁶ into a few forms or into one; and that whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being evolved."

There in one short paragraph we have the gist of Darwinism pure and simple. Darwinism, as understood not only by his out-heroding followers but by the author himself, is atheistical, notwithstanding Darwin's own denial to the contrary.⁷ By his hypothesis, as sketched out in the *Origin* and developed in the *Descent of Man*, Darwin maintained that he had proved that not man's body only, but his mind was evolved from the lower creation, and that the human conscience differed not in kind from the instinct of the brute. If man is immortal, then by

⁶ The trusting reader must interpret this word in the light of the following passage, taken from a letter written to Sir J. Hooker, in 1863: "I have long regretted that I truckled to public opinion, and used the Pentateuchal term of creation, by which I really meant 'appeared' by some wholly unknown process.

⁷ Writing to a German student in 1879, Darwin says that "the theory of evolution (*i.e.*, Darwinism) is quite compatible with a belief in God; but that you must remember that different persons have different definitions of what they mean by God."

strict logic the Darwinist must hold the ape and the jaguar to be immortal likewise—a proposition too absurd for any one to defend. But if man is not immortal, then whether there is a God or not matters little, since Darwin asserted that Providence in this world did not intervene. To deny, as Mr. Huxley does that such a system is atheistical, is merely to play with words. Certainly it makes no profession of proving that God does not exist, but it does profess to prove, and its professors proclaim the fact from the house-top and in the market-place, that there is no need of God in this universe. The Darwinians in their kindness are willing to leave to weak-kneed theists such a heaven as Lucretius imagines :

The gods, who haunt
The lucid interspace of world and world,
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor ever lowest roar of thunder moans,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
Their sacred everlasting calm !

Unadulterated Darwinism probably has few advocates among the greater lights of this country. Scientific men are almost to a man believers in evolution to a greater or a less extent, but that is a very different thing from Darwin's thesis. They see that Darwin has discovered a *vera causa* in Natural Selection, but that it is the chief cause, and co-extensive with nature, as he maintained, the progress of science does not tend to prove.

A bold theory such as we are now discussing and one reaching from heaven to earth, should be able to present the highest credentials. But, to begin with, this theory is obviously incapable of direct demonstration. Darwin cannot directly prove that in nature one species has given birth to another ; this he can only infer from analogy, and even the inference does not stand on firm legs. Every proof proceeds from the known to the unknown. For Darwin the *known* was the domesticated races, the *unknown* the wild races. But had he any right to assume that the wild and the tame were on the same footing ? Obviously not, unless the same laws hold for both. Now it is well known that wild species are to a very great extent infertile *inter se*, consequently domesticated species ought to be sterile under the same conditions. Unfortunately for his thesis Darwin has to acknowledge that no domesticated varieties or species are thus infertile. This difficulty has so struck Mr. Huxley that he remarks :

In my earliest criticisms of the *Origin* I ventured to point out that its logical foundations are insecure so long as experiments in selective breeding had not produced varieties more or less infertile; and that insecurity remains up to the present time.

Moreover some of the postulates necessary for the theory of Natural Selection are at least open to doubt. To take but one, the postulate that each organism is subject to continual, minute variation. Four thousand years ago the Egyptians buried flowers with their mummies, thus preserving portions of their flora to this generation. Of those plants which have been identified only one—the vine—and that in a very trifling degree, shows the slightest variation from existing plants of the same species.⁸ If four thousand years do not give time enough to develop any considerable modification, can we be surprised that Darwin was very uneasy when Sir W. Thompson demonstrated the probability that life cannot have existed on this globe for more than one hundred million years? According to Professor Mivart, Darwin's hypothesis needs two thousand five hundred million years for the complete development of the animal kingdom. Mr. Wallace tries to get out of the difficulty, and in this Darwin follows him, by supposing that the rate of specific change has varied.

To pass over other objections to the theory of Natural Selection, the special Darwinian tenet that man, body and soul, does not differ in kind from the lower animals, has landed its author on a shoal of hopeless difficulties. Nor is this a matter for wonder. Mr. Romanes, one of Darwin's most ardent followers, who has had the extraordinary boldness (not to speak of knowledge) to declare to the world that Darwin has done more for psychology than any one, admits in the same breath that his master ignored Aristotelian terms,⁹ including the distinction of actions formally right and materially right. Darwin more than once in his letters says that he had no head for metaphysics, a deficiency which enabled him to rush where angels fear to tread, and to think that, though he could not understand his writings, very likely Herbert Spencer was "equal to any philosopher that ever lived." With these disqualifications of mind and education

⁸ Given on the authority of an address of Mr. Carruthers to the British Association in 1886, and quoted in an able article on Darwin in the *Catholic Press* of January 14, 1888.

⁹ *Charles Darwin* (Nature Series).

we shall regard with no surprise the fact that Darwin shuts his eyes to the highest manifestations in man, and forms an induction which, as Cardinal Manning emphatically declares,¹⁰ "is an outrage on philosophy and science, and common sense." Even as regards the body of man, Natural Selection has not got beyond the stage of pure hypothesis. Mr. Wallace, who, as we have seen, shares the honour of discovering the key to the modification of species, denies that Natural Selection can account for the development of man's frame, and in this he is supported by Professor Mivart,¹¹ whom Darwin acknowledges in a letter to be the greatest authority on apes in England. The last word in this connection shall come from the lips of Professor Virchow, a name held in reverence wherever biology is studied.

Darwinism has proved itself to be a most fertile theory, and will for long continue to work as an energetic ferment. But this must not prevent us from inquiring from time to time how it stands with the direct proof of the evolution theory.

From a palæontological point of view, the appearance of man upon earth can, at the very furthest, be placed back only in the tertiary epoch. . . Practical anthropology starts with the quaternary or diluvial epoch, of which in reality skulls and portions of skeletons have been preserved. . . Now what do these remains teach us? Do they show us man in a lower stage of corporeal development than is now known? . . . The chief point is that even the fanatics were content if they could approximate the character of these skulls to the type of the Australians, or the Tierra del Fuegians, or even of the *Batavus genuinus*, that is, the old Frisian. The distance between this thesis and that which had been

¹⁰ *Religio Viatoris*, p. 8.

¹¹ We regret that want of space compels us to omit a discussion of the passage of arms between Darwin and Professor Mivart. The following extracts from Darwin's letters will let the reader behind the scenes: "I feel absolutely certain that he [Mivart] meant to be fair [in his *Genesis of Species*] (but he was stimulated by theological fervour); yet I do not think he has been quite fair. . . . The part which, I think, will have most influence, is where he gives the whole series of cases like that of whalebone, in which we cannot explain the gradational steps." "Mivart's book is producing a great effect against Natural Selection, and more especially against me. . . I conclude with sorrow that though he means to be honourable, he is so bigoted that he cannot act fairly." "There is a most cutting review of me in the *Quarterly*. . . . The skill and style make me think of Mivart." "It quite delights me that you [Mr. Huxley] are going to some extent to answer and attack Mivart. His book, as you say, has produced a great effect? yesterday I perceived the reverberations from it, even from Italy. . . . He [Mivart] never states his case fairly, and makes wonderful blunders. . . . The pendulum is now swinging against our side, but I feel positive it will soon swing the other way." "I have been delighted with it [Mr. Huxley's article]. How you do smash Mivart's theology!" Catholics should feel a glow of satisfaction in knowing that Darwin's correspondence reveals the fact that no book caused him so much uneasiness as the *Genesis of Species*.

anticipated, is great indeed. An Australian may possess many deficiencies or excesses of formation which give him a certain animal-like expression. Formerly this used to be called "Bestial," but lately, in the interests of the evolution theory, it has been thought better to call it "pithecoïd."¹² But however bestial, or however pithecoïd the Australian may be, he is still neither an ape nor a protoanthropos—on the contrary he is a real man; and even if our ancestors were like him—which *en passant*, is doubtful—still this is altogether valueless for the evolution theory. Of late years Tierra del Fuegians have visited us; some of them have been examined with all possible care, and the result is that our present methods do not even go far enough to establish any fundamental difference between them and Europeans. . . . And so diluvial man, so far as we know anything of him, had no more incomplete organization than the man of to-day. . . . Since at least specimens of all the races which are looked upon as the very lowest have been brought to us, there can no longer be any question of any of the actual races of mankind being considered to be a transition between man and any other animal at all. Further than this we have not yet got with the evolution theory. *As regards anthropology, it has so far brought forward nothing except the proof that certain arrested or rudimentary formations are commoner in some races than others. . . .*

I have spoken as the friend, and not as the enemy of evolutionism, as I have at all times been friendly and not hostile to the immortal Darwin. But I have always distinguished between friend and follower. I can welcome as a friend a scientific hypothesis, and even support it before it is proved by facts; but I cannot approve it as a partisan so long as sufficient proofs are wanting.¹³

We cannot now stay to discuss the extraneous reasons why scientific men have been induced to think that Darwin's researches rendered evolution a tenable hypothesis. They are in brief (1) the ever accumulating testimony of geology and palæontology, (2) the light that the acceptance of the theory throws on biology generally, especially on the science of embryology, which it may be said to have founded, and (3) the belief of many that evolution does away for ever with the need of a God and a revealed religion in this world.¹⁴

¹² "Pithecoïd" is merely the Greek equivalent for "ape-like."

¹³ The gratitude of Catholics is due to the *Tablet* for publishing a translation of this address in its issue of October 15, 1887.

¹⁴ In an article, *Mr. Darwin's Critics*, Mr. Huxley writes: "In addition to the truth of evolution, indeed, one of its greatest merits in my eyes, is the fact that it occupies a position of complete and irreconcilable antagonism to that vigorous and consistent enemy of the highest intellectual, moral and scientific life of mankind—the Catholic Church."

All Darwin's works subsequent to the *Origin*, except one, had a direct bearing on his theory of Natural Selection. His *Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication* was begun in 1860 and published in 1868. In this work he puts forward his celebrated theory of Pangenesis. Natural Selection explains the genesis of the species, and Pangenesis the genesis of the individual. Its ingenuity no one questions, but it is now rather discredited. The change that came over even Darwin's own mind will be realized by the extracts from two letters. In 1868 he wrote to Asa Gray, "Pangenesis, an infant cherished by few as yet, except his tender parent, but which will live a long life." In consequence of the result of some experiments devised by Mr. Galton to test the truth of pangenesis, he acknowledged in 1871 that "from presenting so many vulnerable points its life is always in jeopardy."

Botanical work occupied the later years of Darwin's life. The value and interest of that work are clearly pointed out by a remark of Darwin's in a letter to his publisher, that the books "will perhaps serve to illustrate how natural history may be worked under the belief of the modification of species." Moreover, in these books on botany he added a mass of detail which throws light upon his theory of evolution, and by showing the purposes of particular structures in flowers, answered those critics who denied their usefulness and thus imagined that they had dealt Natural Selection a deadly blow. The publication of the *Effects of Cross- and Self-Fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom* worked a revolution in botany. Till the appearance of this work, it was generally held that hermaphrodite flowers are necessarily self-fertilized, a belief now quite discredited. The central idea of Darwin's last botanical work, *The Power of Movement in Plants*, is that "movements of plants in relation to light, gravitation, &c., are modifications of a spontaneous tendency to revolve, which is widely inherent in the growing parts of plants." One cannot but wonder at the amazing fertility and vigour of a man who, with a frame enfeebled by years and disease, could formulate "this masterly conception," and bring together a vast mass of facts to illustrate it. The pity of it is that botanists look askance at the theory.

We may fitly, by way of summary, quote the words of the deeply lamented Dr. Asa Gray, who, though unable to follow Darwin in his godless view of the universe, has nobly said that "the aphorism 'Nature abhors close fertilization' and

the demonstration of the principle, belong to our age and to Mr. Darwin. To have originated this and also the principle of Natural Selection, . . . and to have applied these principles to the system of nature, in such a manner as to make, within a dozen years, a deeper impression upon natural history than has been made since Linnæus, is ample title for one man's fame."¹⁵

E. W.

¹⁵ *Nature*, June 4, 1874.

A Vision of Love Eternal.

PART THE SECOND.

THUS did he speak, but I, beholding all
The scheme of God unrolled, and looking back
Upon the earth with sad remembrances
Of hate and greed, of murderous deed and thought,
Of poverty, and of the endless wail
Of starving children, said :

“ God made all things
Unto an end, and that the joy of man.
How comes it then that in the God-made earth
Sorrow exists, and sin, and bitter wrongs ?
Alas, that God's earth should be desecrate !
And yet I know that on God's earth to-day
Sorrow cries loudest, and the voice of man
Utters scant sound of gladness. What hath changed
This Paradise ? ”

“ When God created man
One law He gave, the Perfect Law of Love,
Unchangeable, unending is that law :
All things exist by it, and if it fail
All things fail with it. ‘ Thou shalt love the Being
Who made thee, and the things which He hath made,’
Thus said the Eternal. Tell me, son of man,
Have those who dwell with thee preserved this Law ?

Have those who kept this Law e'er slept in Death ;
Have those who broke it ever risen to Life ?
Thou knowest that to those who keep God's law
There is no death ; to those who smile at it,
No life. Love is of God, and every soul
That dwells in love is one with God, and each
Shall be with God for ever. Askest thou,
Why God's bright earth is turned into a world
Of sorrow ; why an awful crying bursts
From its dark places every hour and sweeps
Up to the footsteps of the Eternal Throne
Pleading for mercy and redress, and why
The Reign of God exists not on thy earth ?
Here is thy answer—Man hath cast God's law,
The Law of Perfect Love, to the four winds
And made him laws of his own heart, and forged
Stern bonds of sin and death about his soul ;
Therefore God's earth no more is Paradise,
But a vast world of sorrow and of tears.
Restore the law of God, and earth again
Shall sing as every thing which God hath made
Sings to its Maker, and the sons of earth
Shall see through the dim shadows and behold
The dawning of that day to which there is
No evening nor a noontide, but the hours
Pass by in unseen quickness, and the soul
Is lost within the Eternity of Love."

Then, as he finished speaking, came once more
That mighty voice of mountain and of plain,
Of meadow and of tree ; the nodding flowers
Lifted their heads, the skies grew still more bright,
And all things cried in perfect harmony,
"Glory to God !" and he that spake to me,

Looking far off and bowing down his head
As to some vision, seized his harp and touched
Its strings and sang, with every thing that sang,
"Glory to God!"

And, bowing down my head,
I said when that great sound had died away,
"Tell me of Love. Thou art of Heaven, but I
Of earth, and thou canst teach me what Love is.
Teach me that I may strive to follow Love
And keep His law."

But he, still looking far
Across the gleaming hills, replied,

"Not I,
But those whom He hath sent. There are degrees
Of grace, and every soul which God hath made
Hath its appointed mission; this, to teach,
And that to obey, but each to use his gift
As God hath willed it. Wouldst thou learn of Love?
Ask those who followed Him Who is All Love
What that Love is! They who have loved, can best
Tell what Love is in all its fulness. Come,
And thou shalt see the ministers of Love."

Thereat he rose and stretching forth his hand,
"Behold!" he said, and I, in mute amaze
Saw all things fade from me, the heavenly hills,
The eternal flowers, the streams of Paradise,
And in their stead rolled myriad clouds of mist
One o'er another, till the light burst forth
From some far source and pierced the misty clouds
With subtle radiance, in whose blaze mine eyes

Sank, till his voice who had instructed me
Bade me look up.

And lifting up mine eyes
I saw before me, like a star that shines
In the fair splendour of a summer eve,
And almost dazzles while it awes the sight,
A city set upon the hills of space.
Light flashed from it and yet it had no light
Of sun or moon or any star, but all
Its light glowed from that Source whence every light
Is drawn, nor did it fail at eventide
Or pale in early morn, but evermore
It shone, and filled the city and went forth
Nor came again, but rested where it fell
For ever. And behold the city's walls
Were builded up of everlasting light
That glowed from beryl and from amethyst,
From jasper, and from sardius, and all
Rare jewels, and the gates were twelve great pearls,
Each pearl a gate, and all about the walls
I read the names of those that built the walls,
Twelve names, and at each gate an angel sat,
And every gate was sculptured with a name,
And every gate was open day and night;
But day and night made there but one long day
That had no ending. And within the gates
I saw the streets that shone like burnished gold.
And in the midst thereof a river flowed,
Pure, crystal clear, and on the banks thereof
High trees whereon the leaves did ever hang
Nor fell at autumn's breath, because the spring
Rounded to summer there and summer lived
Its life and rose again in endless spring.

Then as I gazed I saw within the streets
Great multitudes who bore upon their heads
Crowns of pure light and sceptres in their hands,
And on their foreheads was the name of Life,
And every face was lighted with a light
That never shone on earth unto this day!
And every eye was filled with that strange light,
And every face wore that celestial smile
Which oft we see in dreams, but never catch
In waking, and their voices came to me
Across the sea of space, and every voice
Blended with other, and the sound went forth
In such strange sweetness that the tears rose up
And filled mine eyes and made me sad at heart
Because I knew no words to speak of it.

Then he that showed me this said,

“ These are they

Who are Love's ministers. On earth they lived,
Unpraised of men, and all their life was hid
With Him in whom they trusted. The long years
Went by and all the world resolved itself
Into a mart where things were bought and sold,
Where gold was first, and honour, if it came,
Came last, or was but made a thing of trade.
The world went on, the world but lived its life,
It sat within the fair ways of the earth
And ate and drank and so rose up again
To live its life, and these were not of it,
Nor had a pleasure in it ; but their life
Was spent in doing the Sovereign Will of God.
Whatever came this was their only life :
The stake, the dungeon was for some of these.

But whether in the Eternal City's midst,
Or in the midst of some barbaric waste
Of savage cities, death confronted them,
One hope, one thought, one deathless joy was theirs,
That hope a perfect hope in God's great Love,
That thought the thought of knowing God's great Love,
That joy the joy of seeing God's great Love,
Not with the eye of Faith, but as they now
See it, and walk for ever in its Light."

And then that vision faded, and once more
The tree-crowned hill and valleys far beneath
I saw, and in the west a single star,
That reigned in solitude until the moon
Rose, silver-like, and climbed across the heavens
And shone upon the hillside and the vale
Throughout the night, until the east grew red
With the red sun, and night was lost in day.

J. S. FLETCHER.

Chapters on Theology.

JUSTIFICATION AND THE REMISSION OF SIN.

THE word justification conveys a certain general idea to every one, but it is an idea that it is not easy to define. Is it, for instance, identical with the remission of sin? If not, in what precise way do they differ? Can one exist independently of the other? If not, what is the nature of their mutual relation? These are the questions which it is the object of the present paper to examine.

Justification, if considered in itself, is certainly not identical with the remission of sin. Beings who have no sin to be remitted, can, in the wider sense of the word, be justified. Adam, for instance, before the commission of sin, was justified, as from a state of non-justice he was raised to a state of justice. In this sense the Angels too were justified. Consequently, not only are the ideas distinct, but the actions represented by those ideas are not necessarily connected.

But if we consider justification in the case of men since the fall of Adam, it is then identical with the remission of sin, identical, that is to say, in the sense that the two ideas are but different aspects of the same action on the part of God. Where there is sin to be remitted, justification cannot exist without the remission of this sin. This becomes evident from an examination of the nature of justification and of sin.

Justification, as the word implies, is nothing else than the conferring of justice. But there are many kinds of justice. If in the relations between one person and another, the acts of the first individual conform to what is due to the other, the virtue practised by that person is termed particular justice. If this man who acts justly to one of his fellows, also conforms his conduct to that which is due to the whole community, besides particular justice he is practising the virtue which is called legal justice. Besides these two kinds of justice there is another and a very much higher kind. It consists in the conformity of the

lower nature to reason, and of reason to the will of God. To this it may be said, that as no man, without the special privilege which was conferred on the Blessed Virgin, can avoid all sin, this kind of justice is rather ideal than practical. However this would not be a correct inference, for the justice last mentioned does not demand that this conformity should exist between all a man's actions and his reason, and between his reason and the Divine will, but only between the internal dispositions and the reason, which at the same time must reflect the Divine will. It is necessary that he should, as far as lies within his power, understand that portion of the Divine will that affects his conduct, that he should approve of what he thus understands, and that he should be resolved to carry it out in practice. If he has these dispositions, he possesses the third kind of justice spoken of above. It is this third kind of justice that is conferred by justification.

Let us now see why it is that the conferring of this justice necessarily implies the remission of sin. Sin, if considered in the act, is a breach of the Divine law, an embracing of some object forbidden by God; if it is considered, not in the act itself, but in the state resulting from the act, it is a clinging to that forbidden object either by actual possession, or by a positive affection and desire for it, or by that kind of passive adhesion which results from an act that has never been recalled, as the half-unconscious grasp of a child continues to hold some plaything that has been taken up. But neither the act of sin, nor any of these states, is compatible with the justice above described, for by the former man adheres to a forbidden object, by the latter he desires to renounce all forbidden objects. If in spite of this desire the adherence still continues, the desire is a mere velleity and not that firm determination required to constitute justice.

The first justification of Adam differed from ours in being a transition from a state which was not directly opposed to justice; he was like a poor man who receives an alms. Our justification is like the act by which a debtor is at the same time relieved from his debt and furnished with a sum of money for his own use. The change in one case is from non-possession to possession; in the other it is from debt to possession.

Thus our justification may be considered in two ways. By the same act we are taken out of one state and placed in another. If we consider the state out of which we are taken, justification is

the remission of sin; if we consider the state in which we are placed, justification is the conferring of justice. To the question therefore at the head of this paper it may be answered, that to describe our justification as the remission of sin, is not positively incorrect, but it is an inadequate description.

We may now proceed a step further in the investigation of the nature of the connection between justification and the remission of sin. We have seen that the justification of the sinner necessarily implies the remission of sin. Is the converse also true? Does the remission of sin necessarily imply the justification of the sinner?

Some might be inclined to say not, and to argue that as sin and justification are two extremes, and that as there is a possible mean between them, namely, the first state of Adam, who was for a time without either justice or sin, the sinner might be placed in this middle state and not advanced to the state of justice.

Again it might be urged: sin can be expelled without the infusion of justice, for one sin often expels another. Avarice, for instance, when it takes possession of a man, prevents him from yielding to extravagance, to which he may before have been subject.

We will take the second objection first. Extravagance or any other sin has a double character; it has the character which belongs to the action itself, and it has the character of a forbidden action, the character special to sin. If, when it is considered in the first character, some other action is selected in preference to it, it is the action merely and not the sin which is rejected. In order to reject the sin, to repent, we must renounce the action and all affection for it, not because it is an undesirable action in itself, but because it is a sin. Unless we reject it for this motive there is no repentance, and consequently no forgiveness. Thus, in the example given above, it would be the habit of extravagance which would be expelled by avarice, while the guilt incurred by extravagance would remain unrepented of, and unforgiven.

Neither can the first objection be admitted as valid. When the sinner renounces all attachment to sin and is restored to God's favour, this act of restoration, like all the Divine acts, must have a motive. The motive is the special love which God has for man from the moment that he is decreed capable of attaining to glory; it is special in the sense that it is greater

than the love which He has for the perfection which is contained in each of His works, and greater also than the love which He would have for man in that condition which is called by theologians, the state of Pure Nature. The natural result of this special love is to confer justice upon its object, provided that no obstacle is placed by the object itself to the reception of this justice. Man, while he clings to sin, until he renounces the forbidden object, because it is forbidden, places an obstacle to the reception of justice into his soul. When by repentance he removes this obstacle, justice, the effect of God's love, which hitherto had been impeded, is enabled to reach his soul. By repentance, the sinner has done what lay in his power to free himself from sin, and at the same time has opened the way for justice to come to him; justice thereupon enters his soul and removes his sin. Thus we see that for men in the condition which is termed the *status elevatus*, the state in which the whole human race actually exists, there can be no intermediate condition between sin and justice.

This is also an answer to the question given above: can the remission of sin take place without justification? We have seen that in our case it cannot. We can however examine the question under another aspect. The act by which God loves the contrite sinner, by which He receives him again into the Divine favour, is, like all the Divine acts, eternal and unchangeable in itself, though not necessarily so in its effects. How does this eternal character of the act affect the connection existing between justification and the remission of sin?

The eternal character of the act is in part comprehensible to us, and in part beyond our understanding. We can understand that God has an unchanging hatred for sin, for actions that are opposed to His own law; also that He has an unchanging love for virtue, for actions that are in conformity to this law. We can also consider His feeling towards man, as distinct from either of these feelings of love or hatred. That is to say, when God considers man as a being destined to glory, God loves him in that character, independently of the virtue which he may for the time possess, and in spite of the vice with which he may for the time be sullied. Consequently His love for a man who is justified is at once direct, on account of the man himself; and indirect, on account of the virtue which the man possesses. On the other hand He has no direct hatred for the sinner; but He hates the sin, and this feeling communicates itself to the man who is stained by sin, so that the man who is in this con-

dition is the object at once of direct love and indirect hatred on the part of God.

So far we have considered opposite feelings in God, and we have at the same time considered the object of those feelings as distinct one from another. This separation of the objects enables us to see that God can at the same time entertain opposite feelings towards man. But the eternal character of the act implies something more. Man's successive conditions are simultaneously present to the mind of God. At one and the same moment God sees man in a condition of sin, and in a condition of justice. Conditions which in man himself are mutually exclusive, co-exist in man as seen by God. This is the mystery of the eternal character of the Divine acts. But we can understand that God's love for man in himself, when man is considered apart from his vice or virtue, is eternal, and the eternity of this love imparts its own character to the connection between justification and the remission of sin. The connection between the effects of the act are as eternal as the act itself. This is the point that has now to be shown.

We have already seen that neither of these two effects of God's love can exist without the other. Moreover we have seen that if a certain condition is fulfilled, these two effects must necessarily be produced; this condition is repentance on the part of man. But the cause is eternal, so at any time through all eternity that this condition is fulfilled, the effects would follow. We understand from this the position of damned souls. If they were able to repent, they could at any time secure the remission of their sins and justification, but they are unable to fulfil the necessary condition. Thus their fate is sealed, not by a change in God's disposition towards them, but by a diminution of their liberty. In life they were able to choose between repentance and perseverance in sin; now the power of choosing between these two alternatives no longer remains to them. We see from this that the connection between justification and the remission of sin, in the case of a man who has been once subject to sin, is so close that nothing, not even condemnation to Hell, can sever that connection.

We may now briefly sum up the results of this investigation. Justification is not in itself inseparable from the remission of sin, for in the case of Adam we find it existing separately. In our case they are mutually inseparable; neither can exist without the other. Justification cannot take place without the

remission of sin, because no one can be at the same time a just man and a sinner. Remission of sin cannot take place without justification, because, for a being destined to glory who has been once subject to sin, there is no intermediate state between the state of sin and that of justice. So far there is identity between justification and the remission of sin that they are but different aspects of the act by which God justifies the sinner; for in that act we may consider the state from which he is removed, and that to which he is removed. Moreover they are both necessary results of an eternal act, necessary effects of a constant cause. The only condition needed to enable this cause to act is the repentance of the sinner. Consequently, whenever these effects are not produced, whether in time or eternity, their absence is due, not to any defect on the part of the cause, but to the non-fulfilment of the required condition.

Garcia Moreno.

PART THE THIRD.

GARCIA MORENO was forty-eight years of age when he, for the second time, took the reins of government into his hand, and the amount of good he effected during the remaining six years of his life is truly surprising. His first official act was to suppress the University of Quito, its staff of teachers being both thoroughly incompetent from a professional point of view, and also most obstinate and unceasing in their attacks upon the authority of the Church. A second decree closed, for very similar reasons, the College of Cuenca.

The President now applied himself to the work of remodelling the constitution of the country, or, to speak more correctly, of creating it anew. This undertaking he brought to a successful conclusion, his long course of study, wide range of knowledge, and careful mental training, proving of great service to him. The first article of the new constitution declared "the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion, to be the religion of the State to the exclusion of every other, maintaining it in the unalienable possession of all those rights and privileges with which the laws of God and canonical prescriptions have invested it, and compelling the public authorities to afford it their support and protection." The second article provided "that every elector or public functionary must profess the Catholic religion." As might be expected, the Liberals demurred to this, but Moreno boldly replied, "If the rights of a citizen may be exercised by any one who is not a Catholic, it follows a Jew, a Protestant, or even an apostate, may become a magistrate, a professor, a minister, or even the President of the Republic, and, without either the law or the nation being able to hinder him, may infuse into the very heart of society principles opposed to faith and morals. Religious unity is the glory and happiness of the people of Ecuador, let us not permit evil men to sow cockle in her midst." He actually undertook to run the risk of a

plébiscite in regard to the new constitution, by subjecting it to the electoral colleges. The result exceeded his most sanguine expectations, for the constitution was ratified by the votes of fourteen thousand electors, as opposed to a minority of only five hundred. Before quitting this part of our subject, we must not omit to mention that Moreno introduced a clause which extended the term of Presidency to six years, allowing of re-election, but prohibiting a third period of office, except after an interval of six years. Deputies were also eligible for six years, and electors for nine. In this way the excitement and disturbance resulting from too frequent elections was avoided, while the danger of tyranny consequent upon too prolonged a tenure of power, was also guarded against.

The condition of the army next claimed Moreno's attention, and indeed it was rather a scourge than a protection to the country it claimed to defend. Drill and discipline were defective, the weapons and accoutrements of both officers and men were clumsy and old-fashioned, while the barracks were hotbeds of hideous vice and immorality. The President selected some of the best officers and sent them to Europe in order there to follow the manœuvres in different countries, especially in Prussia, and to learn the latest improvements in arms and equipments. He took care that the soldiers were thoroughly instructed in military duties, he appointed army chaplains, made attendance at Mass compulsory on days of obligation, and opened schools where the privates, who were for the most part very illiterate, might learn reading, writing, and arithmetic. The change effected by all these wise measures was so great, that its little army became to Ecuador a source of pride instead of a cause of shame, and might well have been cited as an example by other nations, instead of deserving as formerly to be pointed at with the finger of scorn. Both officers and men became devotedly attached to Moreno, who treated them with fatherly kindness, not unmingled with wholesome severity, inquired into their grievances, provided for their wants, and above all, saw that their pay was punctually given to them.

One day, noticing that an invalided soldier had been pacing for hours up and down beneath the window of the room where he was at work, he called to the man, and asked what he wanted. "I am waiting," was the reply, "to request your Excellency to give orders that the arrears of my pension may be paid. For the last month I have received nothing, and am literally starving." The President instantly

sent for the treasurer, who declared the man's assertion to be false. "How dare you deceive me," exclaimed Moreno, angrily, turning to the man, "you deserve to be soundly flogged!" "If what the treasurer says is true," coolly rejoined the soldier, "his books will prove it." Moreno thereupon ordered the accounts to be produced; examination showed that the old soldier spoke the truth, while the treasurer had sought to conceal his negligence with a lie. Laying his finger on the page where the receipts were entered, "Here," Moreno said, "you will write: Received from the Public Treasurer the sum of fifty piastres, being the amount of a fine imposed on him by the President of the Republic, in punishment of a shameful lie." The delinquent willingly paid the fine, thinking himself lucky to be let off so cheaply (pp. 566, 567).

The administration of justice stood in no less need of renovation, crying abuses abounding on every hand, since the members of the legal profession, from the highest to the lowest, did not blush to receive bribes and to pronounce judgments which they knew to be false. Moreno never rested until he saw the laws put in force with impartiality, and not content with this, he proceeded to the reform of public morals and manners, which had fallen into a condition nothing short of scandalous. Numbers of persons were living together without any thought of marriage, and the indefatigable President used to summon these guilty couples into his presence, and oblige them either to be married or to separate. "You are at liberty to ruin your own souls," he would say, "but not to give scandal to the community by your disorderly lives." He was unremitting in his efforts to put down public vice, and those unhappy women who persisted in their career of sin, after they had received due warning, were obliged to emigrate if they desired to avoid imprisonment for a certain term of years. Desiring, however, not only to free the nation from a scourge, but to reclaim the evil-doers, Moreno established in Quito a convent of the Good Shepherd, within whose walls many outcasts of society found a welcome refuge, and where numerous conversions took place. Shortly after his death, a band of freethinkers surrounded the house, broke open the doors, and *liberated* the inmates, who were, as the invaders pretended, being held captive against their will. Some of the penitents persevered in the right way, but for many, alas! the force of temptation proved too great, and they returned to the misery and sin from which Christian charity had delivered them.

Can it surprise us to hear that the wise and enlightened statesman who thus cared for the sick in soul, was no less assiduous in his care for the sick in body? There existed in Quito an extensive pile of buildings, denominated the Hospital of St. John of God, and comprising within its walls a hospital properly so called, capable of accommodating three hundred patients, a leper's hospital, and a lunatic asylum. These establishments were so miserably managed, as to be of scarcely any practical utility. Garcia Moreno soon changed the face of things, he himself undertook the office of director, and however engrossing were his occupations, never allowed a day to pass without personally inspecting one department or another. As may be imagined, these visits were no mere formal affairs, on the contrary, the smallest details were not regarded as unworthy of his notice; a careless manner of making up prescriptions, a rough style of dealing with the sick, bad cooking or clumsily applied bandages, none of these things escaped his notice.

Finding that the lepers were in the habit of making complaints as to the quality of their food, he one day unexpectedly made his appearance at their dinner hour, and sat down to table with them. He thus discovered that their complaints were well founded, and provided without delay a remedy for the evil. Ere long he repeated his visit, and found the provisions to be excellent, yet before he took his departure one of the afflicted creatures began once more to grumble about his dinner. "My good man," Moreno answered with a smile, "the President's table is no better served than yours!" (pp. 603, 604).

Before his death he had established hospitals in the principal towns of the Republic, placing them all under the care of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul.

The limits of this article forbid us to enter upon a description of the countless benefits conferred upon his country by this indefatigable man during the period of his Presidency. How he established the system of public instruction on a new and a Christian basis, placing the primary schools under the care of Christian Brothers and Sisters of Providence, while he invited the Jesuit Fathers and Religious of the Sacred Heart to found colleges and schools where the children of the upper classes could receive a suitable training; how, in spite of vehement opposition, he filled the chairs of theology, jurisprudence, medicine, natural science, at the universities with competent and God-fearing professors; how he spared no pains in order that

Ecuador should profit by the latest discoveries of research, the most recent inventions of modern science; how he enlarged and embellished the capital, facilitating communication with the towns of the interior by causing a level road—a triumph of perseverance and engineering skill—to be constructed over the almost impassable quagmires and rugged rocks which had become a by-word among travellers; how he developed the resources of the country, encouraged export trade, and advanced its agricultural and commercial interests; how by conceiving and carrying out a scheme for the amortization of the debt which was crippling it, he saved the State when on the verge of bankruptcy, remodelled the laws of taxation and public expenditure, and replenished the exhausted exchequer; how he reformed the prisons, suppressed brigandage, renewed the work of evangelizing the Indians, increased the number of priests in country districts, and promoted the revival of religion by missions preached by the Redemptorist Fathers; all this, and far more than this, if told as it deserves to be told, would serve to convince the reader that the name of regenerator of his country was not bestowed without cause on Garcia Moreno. With regard to the spiritual regeneration of Ecuador, let us listen to the testimony of the Superior of the Society of Capuchin Missions at Ibarra, the scene of the disastrous earthquake in 1868.

Religion [he writes] is held in honour everywhere, and new churches are rising on all sides. The inhabitants of the city came out to a great distance to meet us, and gave us an enthusiastic welcome; more than fifty triumphal arches were erected in our honour, and we were accompanied on our way by a band of musicians playing joyous strains. The town is being quickly rebuilt. A vast hospital is in course of erection, a new cathedral is rising on the ruins of the former one, the Dominicans are reconstructing their monastery, and the Governor has given us one thousand piastres towards restoring that of St. Francis. A spirit of piety pervades the place; an oath is never heard here; Sundays and festivals are duly observed; even in the army the law of God is strictly obeyed, and the spiritual exercises are given every year.

And Garcia Moreno himself, recognizing and rejoicing in the happy renovation his own efforts had brought about, writes thus to a friend in 1873:

Certainly the blessing of God rests upon us, for a wonderful change has taken place in the country. The general reform of manners observ-

able everywhere is due to the exertions of the Jesuits, Dominicans, Redemptorists, and other zealous religious, by whom the labours of our good priests—themselves full of fervour—have been supplemented. The number of persons who have reconciled themselves with God by approaching the sacraments during this Lent is incalculable; in past times those were the exception who fulfilled their duties, now we reckon as exceptions those who neglect them. Nor is our material progress less remarkable; one might say that God is leading us by the hand as a gentle father guides the child who is taking his first steps (pp. 615, 616).

To the account we have given of Garcia Moreno's public career, we must now add some few particulars of his personal character and private life, before proceeding to narrate the circumstances attendant upon his tragic death.

Our readers must already, in the course of this sketch, have been impressed, on more than one occasion, by the rare courage he displayed. It is no exaggeration to say that it would be difficult, perhaps even impossible, to find throughout the records of history a man to whom fear, both physical and moral, was so absolutely unknown. Far from dreading death, he regarded it as a thing to be desired; over and over again, both in his letters and in his intercourse with his friends, we find him exclaiming: "What a happiness and glory it would be for me to shed my blood for the cause of Jesus Christ and of His Church!"

This dauntless intrepidity was doubtless one source of the ascendancy he exercised over others, but another way he found in the unselfish devotion to duty by which he acquired the respect of those who surrounded him. The motto of the ancient French family, "*Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra*," might have been suitably adopted by him, for the thought of what was right, of what he ought to do, was ever uppermost with him, and he was well content to leave consequences to God. Utterly regardless of his own ease and comfort, ever at his post, he scarcely allowed himself the food and rest which were necessary to sustain him in his varied labours. His table was simply, even poorly spread, he never gave entertainments or accepted invitations, and however weary or unwell, always rigidly observed the fasts and abstinences prescribed by the Church. In regard to pecuniary matters his disinterestedness was so great, that far from making use of his position to increase his private means, he did not benefit in the least by the salary he was entitled to as President, for he devoted half of it to works of charity,

returning the other half to the public exchequer, which, as we have stated in another place, was in a grievously impoverished condition.

But men who can rise superior to the greed of gain and the desire after wealth for its own sake, are too often ensnared by love of popularity, and display a thirst for fame, nay, even a craving for vulgar notoriety. Our hero neither sought nor desired popular applause, and the approbation of his fellows; striving in all things to please God, he ascribed his successes to His grace, and took no credit to himself, even for those actions which excited the most universal admiration. His unfeigned humility is one of the most striking features of his character, and shows itself in great things and in small. A professor of botany having discovered a remarkably beautiful flower as yet unnamed in the flora of Ecuador, begged leave of the President to christen it *Tacsonia Garcia Moreno*. "If you really wish to please me," answered the latter, "leave my unworthy self out of the question altogether, and offer your graceful blossom to the Flower of Heaven by naming it *Tacsonia Marie*."

The amount of work Moreno contrived to get through is nothing short of marvellous, especially when we remember the time unavoidably consumed in journeys sometimes to the furthest limits of the country. He never wasted a single moment, nor postponed until the morrow any business which required immediate attention. When stationary in Quito, his daily routine was as follows: He rose at five, and at six repaired to church, where he heard Mass and made his meditation. At seven he visited the hospital and then shut himself up in his private study, where he worked until ten. Next came a brief and frugal breakfast, immediately after which he proceeded to Government House, in order to transact public business, until three. At four he dined, and afterwards went out to pay visits or inspect the progress of any public buildings which were in course of erection. In the evening he usually devoted an hour or two to intercourse with his family and a few chosen friends, but no sooner did nine o'clock strike than he withdrew from the social circle, and occupied himself until eleven, or sometimes until a still later hour, in writing letters, reading the daily papers, and completing arrears of work he had been unable to finish earlier in the day.

External activity, however, is, in many instances, only the

result of a restless disposition—the natural outcome of a temperament that abhors repose. In order to show what imparted its true value and beneficial influence to the many-sided and unremitting labours of Moreno, we will now give some glimpses of the basis of uniform and heartfelt piety upon which the fabric of his life was built. The resolutions which he wrote on a fly-leaf of his copy of the *Imitation* sufficiently prove what manner of man he was, for he was not one to make rules and not keep them. We cannot quote them *in toto*, but we may mention that they prove him to have been in the habit of making a particular examen twice a day in regard to the practice of virtue, and a general examen each evening in regard to his own failings. He went to confession every week, and when upon one occasion the Superior of a religious house offered to send his confessor to him, in order thus to economize at least a fraction of his valuable time, "Father," replied the President, "it is not the place of the judge to go and seek out the criminal, but of the criminal to present himself before his judge."

He was in the habit of communicating on all Sundays and festivals, and the frequency of his visits to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament would afford matter for surprise to those who know how numerous and pressing were his daily avocations, did they not remember that "Love complaineth not of impossibility, because it conceiveth that it may and can do all things."¹ When the Viaticum was carried to the sick, it was his delight to follow, taper in hand, and as often as the feast of Corpus Christi came round, he invariably carried the banner immediately in front of the canopy, walking bareheaded beneath the burning rays of a tropical sun, clothed in his general's uniform, and wearing his full decorations. It is almost superfluous to add that he cherished a filial and tender devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God, placing in her intercession a confidence literally unbounded, and delighting to wear her medal, scapular, and rosary, as tokens of his love and veneration. No sooner did the Jesuit Fathers establish in Quito a Sodality of our Lady, than he at once enrolled himself amongst its members, choosing the section devoted to working men, in whose midst he was regularly to be seen at all meetings, conferences, and general communions.

When Pius the Ninth solemnly proclaimed St. Joseph Patron and Protector of the Universal Church, appending to the decree a clause which permitted his feast to be observed as a holiday

¹ *Imitation*, book iii. chap. v.

of obligation in any country the sovereign of which should forward to the Holy See a request for that purpose, Garcia Moreno, alone among the rulers of the earth, sent to the Pope, with the approval of the bishops of Ecuador, a petition to this effect, and the feast of the august Spouse of our Lady was thenceforward kept throughout the country with all possible outward homage. Nor did the piety of the President stop here; in 1873, by a decree of the Third Council of Quito, the Republic was, in pursuance of his earnest wish, solemnly dedicated to, and placed under the special protection of, the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This act was afterwards passed in Congress without a single dissentient voice, a fact which reflects much credit on the Christian feeling of the nation and, at the same time, proves the marvellous influence for good wielded by its noble chief.

But there is in this world no character which has not its weaker and less perfect side, and Garcia Moreno formed no exception to the general rule. Too often rash and foolhardy in his early manhood, with advancing years he learnt prudence and moderation, but to the last his naturally ardent and impetuous character betrayed him at times into a display of undue warmth in defending some opinion or idea, of the truth of which he was himself so intensely convinced that he could not with calmness endure to hear the opposite side put forward, and it would be useless to deny that his clever and cutting rejoinders occasionally overstepped the limits which perfect charity would prescribe. Nor did he succeed in repressing all outward expression of the irritability to which his hasty temper rendered him liable, though these momentary ebullitions were never suffered to inflict lasting pain, for he was always ready to acknowledge his faults, and most generous and ample in his apologies. His biographer tells us that:

One day when he was even more busy than usual, and had, moreover, been greatly annoyed by the clumsy stupidity of an architect to whom he had entrusted some important work, he was interrupted by the visit of a priest, who asserted that he had something of moment to communicate. The President accosted him somewhat abruptly, and finding that the affair in question was really of no consequence whatever, dismissed him in a still more off-hand manner, saying as he did so, "It was not worth putting yourself and me to this trouble for the sake of such a very insignificant thing." The priest felt hurt, but early the next morning Garcia Moreno called upon him for the express purpose of asking pardon for his uncourteous behaviour (pp. 642, 643).

In January, 1875, his term of office expired, and without any manifestation of public excitement or agitation, he was at once re-elected by twenty-three thousand voters, for he was heartily beloved by a large majority of those over whom he ruled, and by whom his constant and self-sacrificing endeavours to promote their happiness and prosperity, temporal as well as spiritual, were increasingly valued and appreciated. But if the good rejoiced, the evil-doers were proportionately disconcerted, and, in their baffled rage, vowed to compass the death of the servant of God. That the Freemasons, who occupy the foremost ranks in the army of Satan, inspired and led on the attack, is plainly proved by numerous articles published at that time in their journals, not only in America, but in various European countries; for as our Holy Father Leo the Thirteenth says in his Encyclical *Humanum genus*, "They no longer seek to conceal themselves, but with shameless audacity raise their hand against God, openly and publicly plotting the ruin of the Catholic Church, and striving with all their strength to deprive the world of the benefits Jesus Christ has conferred upon it."

Though warned on all sides of the danger which menaced him, Garcia Moreno steadily refused to adopt any of the precautionary measures which the affectionate anxiety of his friends induced them to suggest. "Were I to surround myself with guards," he remarked upon one occasion, "who could promise that they would not be bribed? I prefer to trust myself to the keeping of God, and besides," he went on, with a bright smile, "what can a traveller desire more eagerly than to reach the end of his journey? What does the sailor long for, if not to cast anchor off his native shores? The best thing I can do is to bear continually in mind the admonition, *Et vos estote parati*." In such dispositions as these he calmly pursued his way, though the warning voices made themselves more frequently and more distinctly heard, taking more definite form as the months went by, and assuming a more perceptible shape. On the 2nd of August, a Religious wrote to inform him that the Freemasons were on the point of carrying out their plot against his life, and mentioned the name of a man called Rayo as being one of the conspirators. "Rayo!" exclaimed the President, "this is a shameful piece of slander! I saw him go to Holy Communion a day or two ago; a Christian could never be a cold-blooded assassin!" The upright and straightforward mind of Garcia Moreno was unable to believe in the vile duplicity of a wretch

who had succeeded in so perfectly masking his real character as to inspire no passing feeling even of distrust in his intended victim, who regarded him with favour and had visited his shop a short time previously, for the purpose of ordering a saddle for his little son Gabriel, whom he intended to take for his first ride on the 10th of August, after the opening of Congress.

He spent the evening of the 5th in composing the speech he intended to read on that occasion—but which he was destined never to deliver—and whilst thus occupied he received a final warning to the effect that the next day would be his last. Yet he quietly re-seated himself at his writing-table, when his visitor had departed, and completed his task, as if nothing unusual had been said. Nevertheless, it was observed that he spent the greater part of the night in prayer.

The following day, 6th of August, the feast of the Transfiguration of our Lord, happened to be also the first Friday in the month, a day specially dedicated to the Sacred Heart. About six o'clock in the morning, Garcia Moreno directed his steps to the Church of St. Dominic, in order to hear Mass, according to his daily custom. He received Holy Communion, feeling, doubtless, that this Heavenly Food was to strengthen him for his journey to the Mount of God, since he could not but know himself to be in danger of death. He prolonged his thanksgiving until eight o'clock, and if, in communing with the soul of His servant, our Lord on this occasion asked the same question He addressed to His Apostles of old—"Can you drink the chalice that I shall drink?"—certain we are that the response was no less generous and unhesitating, and that Garcia Moreno replied, with equal fervour and sincerity, "We can."

After leaving the church he went straight home, and spent the forenoon in pursuing his ordinary occupations. About one o'clock he set out for Government House, as he wished to submit to his Ministers the draft of the speech we have alluded to, and on his way thither paid a visit of courtesy to some near relations of his wife. The day being excessively sultry, he partook at their house of an effervescing drink, which induced so profuse a perspiration as to oblige him, before going again into the open air, to button up as closely as possible the frock-coat he was wearing. This circumstance may appear so trivial as to be unworthy of record, but its importance will be in the sequel only too apparent.

The Cathedral and Government House respectively occupy

the corresponding angles of one corner of the *Plaza Major*, or principal square of Quito. Unwilling to pass the door of the sacred building, Garcia Moreno paused, and, after a moment's hesitation, entered within its walls, in order once more to adore under the Sacramental Veil Him from whom, ere one brief hour elapsed, he was to receive the reward of his fidelity and devotion. Long did he remain kneeling on the marble pavement, absorbed in silent prayer, while an angel held over his head the martyr's crown and strengthened him for his agony. Meantime the miscreants, who were waiting outside, became impatient to accomplish their diabolical purpose, and deputed one of their number to tell Garcia Moreno that a matter of urgent importance required his immediate attention. With that prompt and unhesitating obedience to the call of duty which had been his watchword throughout life, he at once arose and left the Cathedral, but scarcely had he descended the flight of steps, which leads to the principal entrance, when Rayo, who had been closely following him, drew from under his cloak a large two-edged knife and dealt him a furious blow on the shoulder. The President instantly turned round and faced the murderer, striving as he did so to take his revolver from his breast-pocket. Unfortunately, however, his coat was, as we have seen, so closely buttoned that he was unable to effect his purpose, and Rayo, seeing his advantage, stabbed him in the head, while the other accomplices discharged their revolvers at him in rapid succession. Standing manfully at bay, their victim continued to maintain his erect attitude, in spite of the wounds he had received, until Rayo, with his formidable knife, slashed his left arm in so ferocious a manner as completely to disable him, at the same time almost severing his right hand from the wrist. Fainting from loss of blood, exhausted by the pain of his wounds, Garcia Moreno at length sank to the ground, where he lay motionless, his head resting on his arm, while Rayo, with brute ferocity, threw himself upon the prostrate form, in order to complete the deed of death, shrieking as he did so: "You have slain liberty, now you shall die!" "*Dios no muere*," murmured the dying man, repeating for the last time his favourite words: "*Dios no muere*!"

By this time, attracted by the sound of fire-arms, soldiers had hastened from the barracks to the scene of blood, and priests came running down the steps of the Cathedral, while an excited and terrified crowd began to gather on all sides. The

expiring hero was carried into the church he had quitted full of life and health a few moments previously, and laid at the feet of Our Lady of Dolours. No more fitting death-bed, truly, could be found for such an one as Garcia Moreno than the steps of her altar, who is at once Queen of Martyrs and Queen of Confessors ! Perceiving that the dauntless soul yet lingered in the mutilated and disfigured body, the doctor, who had been hastily summoned, ordered the sufferer to be forthwith removed into the adjacent presbytery, in the hope that the feeble and flickering spark of life might, perchance, even now, be fanned into a flame. Too soon, nevertheless, it became apparent that human skill and science could avail nothing, but when the dying man was asked by a priest whether he forgave his murderers, a gleam of intelligence in the dim and glazing eyes testified that the question had been understood, and answered in the affirmative. Absolution was then given *in articulo mortis*, and Extreme Unction administered, immediately after which the subject of our narrative calmly breathed his last, the whole of the terrible tragedy having barely occupied twenty minutes.

When the corpse of Moreno was undressed, in order to prepare it for burial, there was found upon his breast a relic of the True Cross, in addition to his scapulars and the rosary which he always wore round his neck, to which was attached a medal, bearing a likeness of Pius the Ninth, the effigy being stained with blood, as if to show that he had died for love of the Church of Christ and the See of Peter. In one of his pockets was his note-book ; at the foot of the page, among the list of his engagements for that day, he had written in pencil the following words : " Lord Jesus, grant me humility and a true love of Thee, and teach me what I am to do this day for Thy service." God accepted the generous offer, and asked of him who made it the greatest of all gifts, for " Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The outburst of grief which the news of Moreno's death evoked, was so spontaneous, so universal, and so sincere, as to prove beyond all possibility of doubt, that his assassination was not the work of the people at large, but of a handful of miscreants, the tools of Freemasons and secret societies. Throughout the length and breadth of Ecuador signs of mourning were everywhere to be seen ; crowds flocked from all sides to Quito, in order to visit the *chapelle ardente*, where the remains of their beloved President lay in state ; and on the occasion of the public

obsequies, the throngs who filled the Cathedral to overflowing repeatedly interrupted, by their sobs and tears, the eloquent preacher who pronounced the funeral oration, having chosen for his text these appropriate words of Holy Writ: "How is the mighty man fallen, that saved the people!"

The popular fury could not be appeased until the wretched assassins, who had fled for their lives, had been hunted down and brought to justice. As for Rayo, he was taken red-handed and shot dead by a soldier on the scene of his crime, his body being afterwards dragged through the streets of the city by an angry mob, and finally thrown into a gully outside the walls, whence it was taken after nightfall and buried in a portion of the public cemetery reserved for excommunicated persons. In the pocket of the miserable man were found cheques of considerable amount upon the Bank of Peru, proving that Freemasons, like the Jews of former days, are wont to reward with money those whom they hire to betray innocent blood.

Far from being confined to his native land, the recognition accorded to Garcia Moreno's merits extended over the whole of North and South America, and the Catholic journals of Europe simultaneously published articles in his praise. Pius the Ninth caused a solemn Requiem Mass to be sung for the departed President, whom he justly regarded as a model of a Catholic ruler; he moreover gave a munificent contribution towards defraying the cost of the monument subsequently erected in Rome to the memory of Garcia Moreno. Upon the pedestal of that monument the following inscription is engraved:

Religionis integerrimus custos,
Auctor studiorum optimorum,
Obsequentissimus in Christi sedem,
Justitiæ cultor, scelerum vindex.

A. M. CLARKE.

The Lindsays.

—
A STORY OF SCOTTISH LIFE.
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CHAPTER XXXIV.

AFTER THE TRIAL.

IT was an embarrassing moment for Mr. Lindsay when he stepped up to his son after the acquittal was pronounced. They were both glad that a little crowd surrounded them, so that anything like conversation was impossible. Once only was the matter referred to after that day.

"I did you an injustice, Alec," said the old man, gravely ; "but the facts were sadly against you at the time."

"No doubt they were, father," said Alec. And nothing more was said.

It was pleasant for Alec to see the glad light in his sister's eyes ; to feel the warm grasp of Blake's hand, and Cameron's grip on his shoulder ; to hear Sophy Meredith's exclamation, "I knew all along it was not your fault." And yet, somehow, these sights and sounds seemed far away. It was almost as if he were walking in a dream, as if his real self were absent, as if he were as much alone all the time as he had been in his cell.

When the little group of friends reached the lobby of the court, they found MacGowan waiting there. He came forward, and offered Alec his hand with much affability.

"We put the snecker on him that time, eh, Mr. Lindsay ?" he asked, with a proud smile.

"You certainly did, MacGowan. But how was it that you did not turn up before ?"

For answer MacGowan began to relate his several interviews with Beattie, which he described with great satisfaction.

"He thoct he had me, when he bade me bring the ticket for the passage, and let him see 't. But I jist waited aboot the door o' the shippin' office till a big Irishman turned up, and he agreed

to lend me his ticket for ten minutes for the price of a bottle of whisky. He was waitin' roon' the corner when I gaed up to Maister Beattie, and said I had changed my name for ma mither's, at which he was vastly pleased."

"But I thought you said he saw you off," put in Cameron.

"So he did. But I gied him the slip. I saw that before the steamer could get awa', she had to gang through the dock-gates, awa' at the tither side o' the dock. So, as she was slippin' through, I jist whummled ower the side o' the boat, an' landed on the quay. It was na muckle o' a jump; an' as it was in the gloamin', my freen Maister Beattie never saw 't. Then I awa' to a sma' public doon by there; an' there I stoppit."

"And drank a deal more than was good for you, and ran through all your money, and finally took ill," said Cameron, drawing the hero aside.

"Something like it. I kent naething aboot the hole they had pitten Maister Lindsay in, till I took up the paper the day, and saw that the trial was expeckit to come on. Ye see that big man," he added suddenly, pointing to an official with his stave of office. "It was fun to hear him shoutin' out, 'Wull-i-am Beattie!' wi' a' his pith, when Wulliam Beattie had g'ien them leg-bail a quarter o' an 'oor before."

"How did you know that?"

MacGowan glanced round before he answered, and then put his hand to his mouth, saying in a loud whisper:

"I saw him slippin' awa' as I came in."

"Why didn't you ask the Judge to have him stopped?"

"Man, did you no hear me say I owed him a heap o' siller? He'll never fash me for that noo."

"I doubt you're an ill stick, MacGowan," said Cameron gravely. "But you've done my friend a good turn this day; and I wish I could do something for ye. You just come wi' me."

So saying, Cameron took the little man by the arm and marched him off to a neighbouring tavern, where a long and weighty consultation took place. The result of it was that the ne'er-do-well was persuaded to emigrate, this time in earnest; and he was consigned to a second cousin of Cameron's, who had a farm in Manitoba. In his letters home MacGowan always dwells with pride upon the circumstance that he "has been teetotal" for three or six months, as the case may be, forgetting to add that as the nearest public-house is five-and-twenty miles away, it is next to impossible for him to be anything else.

When Cameron had disappeared with MacGowan, Blake carried off his friends, after giving Alec a hearty invitation to Highgate, and after expressing a hope to Mr. Lindsay that they would see him and Miss Lindsay there once more before they left town. But the old man was anxious to get back to his farm; London had no attractions for him; and he intimated his intention of going back to Scotland the next day.

As for Alec, his one desire was to find himself in his own sitting-room, alone, and at peace. That was impossible, however, for the present. He could not ignore his father and Margaret's evident expectation that he would spend the rest of the day with them. But the re-union was not in any sense a joyful one. Mr. Lindsay remembered always that he had refused to believe in his son's innocence, and had thus added to his trouble; and now it was but poor comfort to remind himself that in holding Alec to be guilty he had only followed the dictates of his reason. Margaret, too, though she had been always loving and affectionate to her brother, knew that she had doubted him, and knew also that he had been aware of the fact. Alec tried his best to pluck up a lively if not a festive spirit at the dinner-table that evening, but he was not very successful in his efforts. His father took the opportunity of saying grace to thank the Almighty publicly that his son "had been delivered from the snare of the fowler," and Alec was annoyed by this open allusion to what was still a very painful theme.

To his surprise, Alec found that his father and sister had seen nothing of the sights of London during the weeks they had spent in town.

"How could we go sight-seeing, Alec, when you were in prison, and in danger?" asked Margaret, almost reproachfully.

"But you might at least have gone to Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's. You really must stay another day and see the Abbey, father. It would be almost a sin to go North again without paying it a visit."

"As a relic of past Popery and modern prelacy," said Mr. Lindsay, "I think it might be well if the place were destroyed, even as the Fathers of the Reformation pulled down the abbeys and cathedrals of the North; but as a monument of antiquity the place is doubtless interesting. We will visit it to-morrow."

"And the South Kensington Museum is also well worthy of a day's study," said Alec.

"I am too old to care for sight-seeing, my boy."

"If you don't care for it, Margaret would enjoy it, I am sure. Suppose you leave her behind with me, sir. She is not particularly wanted at the farm."

"Oh, that is quite out of the question," said Mr. Lindsay.

Alec was disposed to protest against this summary way of settling the matter, but Margaret entreated him by signs to be silent. In the course of the evening, however, a note came from Miss Lindsay to her cousin of the Castle Farm, saying that she meant to go north in two or three weeks, and would be glad if Margaret would spend the intervening time with her, and accompany her on her journey. And to this arrangement Mr. Lindsay gave a somewhat reluctant consent.

Alec did not really feel free that day till, about ten o'clock at night, he took leave of his father and sister, and set out for his own lodgings. The air of the street was sweet to him, heavy and polluted as it was. How different the solitude of his own room from the solitude of his cell!

He had telegraphed to his landlady in the morning, and knew that things would be in readiness. He was prepared, therefore, for the cheery glow in the window panes; but as he opened the door he became sensible of certain familiar odours. The air was dusky with tobacco smoke; a steaming tumbler stood on the table; and before the fire were stretched the stalwart limbs of Duncan Cameron.

"Don't say you're glad to see me, Alec, for I believe you are not," said the visitor. "I've been here for the last three hours. I might have kenned that your friends would lay hold on ye, body and soul."

"You know very well I'm glad to see you, Duncan."

"I don't believe you. You might have been pleased to see me three hours ago. But there are times when a lee is more or less excusable. Such a time is the present."

"Have you dined?"

"Eight hours ago."

"Have you supped?"

"Not particularly."

"We'll have some supper at once, then; and you will stay for the night."

This was settled; and after supper came pipes and tumblers, seasoned with scraps of information about old college cronies—memories which, though only a few years old, seemed to the

two young men to lie already far behind them—and a due proportion of metaphysics.

In the middle of the talk Cameron rose, and pulling a short instrument from his pocket, begged Alec to unbutton his waistcoat.

"What are you going to do?"

"Satisfy my curiosity."

"You don't mean that there is anything the matter with me?"

"That is what I want to find out."

"There is no actual disease," said Cameron, when his examination was concluded. "The pulmonary organs are sound, but they are far from strong. You must take care of yourself for some time. Those weeks in confinement have injured you more than you think."

Then Cameron lit his pipe for the fourth time, and smoked awhile in silence.

"Duncan, what is your religion now?" asked Alec suddenly.

"*Religio medici*; that is, none at all."

"I'm sorry to hear you say that," said Alec gravely. "But I don't believe you."

"I was thinking of definite faith, of dogmas," said Cameron. "Of course I have religious instincts, emotions, and so on; but I can't classify them."

"True religion consisteth in great part in the affections," says Jonathan Edwards. Perhaps you think dogmas are hindrances, not helps."

"True houses consist in great part of walls," retorted the Highlander; "is that to say they should have no foundations?"

"But I thought you said you had no dogmas."

"Exactly; and therefore I don't profess to have any religion. —It makes me sick," he continued, getting up and walking about the room, "to hear the way in which men prate about 'the fetters of dogma' and so on. I hate phrases that beg the question like that. Good heavens, man!" he went on, turning upon Alec with a frown, as if he had been personally ill-used or insulted. "Canna the moles see that it a' depends on whether the dogma's true or no? If it's not true, it may be a 'fetter,' no doubt; though I must confess that they chiefly fetter folk from doing wrong. But if it's true, what can it be but a heaven-sent boon? You might as well talk o' releasin' the earth from the fetter that binds it to the sun. That would be a fine result o' the free-thinker's theory carried out in practice."

"But I thought——"

"Look at my own subject," continued Cameron, not heeding his companion. "Take anatomy. If you have false opinions on the subject printed and promulgated, they will no doubt do harm. But if certain opinions are indisputably true——"

"That is just what is denied."

"Then what is the sense of begging the question by assuming that they are false?"

"Then you do believe in dogma in religion?"

"No religion can exist without dogmas, be they many or few, any more than a tub can exist without a bottom. But whether the dogmas of Christianity are *true* is more than I can say."

"But there must be a God?"

"That's just what I don't feel sure about," said Cameron, slowly. "Why may not matter be eternal, and produce of itself all we know of?"

"Because, for one thing, the chances against its being in a position to produce anything at all were millions to one."

"That is true. But then, how can we tell that under other conditions of temperature, and so forth, other results, totally different but equally wonderful, might not have followed?"

"All to come out of so many metals and gases?" asked Alec. "I think the man who believes *that* must be the most credulous of mortals."

"I didn't say I believed it, did I?"

"Then there's the conscience, and the moral law within."

"Inherited instincts—survival of the fittest," murmured Cameron.

"That won't do; I tell you it won't do," said Alec, firmly. "There are virtues that are highly prized now-a-days which never could have come into existence, much less have lived and flourished, if they had been dependent on those principles alone. Take humility, the power of self-sacrifice, kindness to the sick, to the aged, to dumb animals, and so on. Self-sacrifice does not naturally tend to survival, say what you like. Do stags become less fit to survive because they butt a wounded deer out of the herd, or leave them to die of starvation? Why should men who nurse the sick and tend the aged become stronger than those who do not?"

"There's sense in what you say, Alec; and of course, if we find a fact that natural principles won't explain, and religious

principles will explain, that is a great matter. But I'm going to turn in. Good night."

"Seems to me you have first of all got to explain how the natural principles themselves got there," said Alec, as a parting shot at his friend.

Cameron was forced to leave London on the following day, so that it was impossible for him to accompany the party that was going to visit the Abbey, as Alec wished him to do. His feeling was that Duncan would help him to entertain his father. But Alec soon saw that his father needed no entertaining. From the moment when the old man's eyes fell on the pile, standing like a heavenly temple reared by angel hands among the haunts of men, he neither spoke, nor listened to what was said to him. All his faculties were absorbed in admiration. He walked slowly round and round, now letting his eye wander at will in the maze of delicate lace-like tracery, now stepping back that he might the more fairly grasp the proportions of the building.

It was with difficulty that Alec managed to draw him inside; and when he raised his eyes to the forest of columns and arches, the glades of open stonework, with lanes of light between, whose beauty spoke as with silver chimes to the listening heart, the old man sank down upon one of the benches, overpowered with wonder and delight. His son and daughter left him there, and went to make a tour of the chapels. When they returned he was still sitting where they had left him, rapt in admiration.

"Don't you think it would be better without all those statues?" whispered Margaret to her father.

"You don't need to mind them!" said the old man, almost impatiently, as he let his eyes once more travel slowly upwards to the dim recesses of the roof.

"Shall I remind father of what he said last night about the Fathers of the Reformation and the Scotch abbeyes?" whispered Alec to his sister.

"Oh, I entreat you not to speak of that. It would be a shame to remind him of it. He would most likely be very angry; and it would spoil all his pleasure," said Margaret.

Mr. Lindsay was persuaded to make the round of the chapels, and to visit Livingstone's grave, and the coronation stone. But even the matchless beauties of Henry the Seventh's Chapel could not detain him long from the spot at which he could see aisle and nave, choir and transept, unite to form one glorious whole.

Next day, Mr. Lindsay left London for his own home ; and Margaret went to stay with Miss Lindsay at Claremont Gardens. As a matter of course Alec was there pretty often, for the short time that his sister was to be in town.

On one occasion when he called only Laura was at home. It was the first time they had been alone together since the day of the trial.

"I have never thanked you yet, Laura," said Alec, "for what you did for me at the court. Every day I have hoped for the chance of speaking to you alone ; but I have not had an opportunity until now."

Laura blushed almost painfully. She was sitting on a low seat near the fire, while Alec stood at the other end of the hearth-rug, with his elbow on the mantel-piece, leaning his head on his hand, and looking, not at his companion, but at the fire smouldering in the grate.

"It was very brave of you, and very, very good of you." He stopped suddenly. He could not remind her that the special merit of her giving evidence was the fact that she had brought discredit on herself in doing so.

"It was only what I ought to have done ; but I should have done it sooner."

"I am very glad you did not," said Alec, quickly. "It was fortunate for me that you said nothing to the lawyers who were defending me. They would probably have prevented you from speaking at all."

"I had hoped that I—that what I told might have done you some good," said Laura, almost bitterly. "It did no good at all."

"Indeed, you are mistaken !"

"It was the evidence of that queer Scotch clerk that set you free."

"No ; it was yours. Or rather, you and he together secured the acquittal. You added the missing link in the chain."

"Then I am well repaid."

"And I shall be grateful to you as long as I live."

But Laura was not satisfied with this. If he would only turn and look at her ! But he stood there, gazing at the red embers without seeing them. "Surely," thought Laura, "he has not ceased to love me ? He is not one who easily forgets."

"Won't you sit down," she said, gently. But he did not seem to hear her. She was determined that he should speak.

"Miss Lindsay is going north sooner than she intended," she said, almost sharply.

"Ah!"

"Yes. I leave for Brighton the day after to-morrow."

"I am sorry you are going. You are to live with some relations of your own, are you not?"

"Yes. With a half-sister of my mother's. I am sure I shall dislike her."

"Don't say that."

"Why not? I don't suppose you care very much what sort of life I lead."

For answer, Alec turned and met her glance. There was a gentle reproach in his look; but he said nothing.

"It is too late," said Laura to herself. "He does not care for me now."

"I, at least, am glad to think that you will be rich," she said, aloud.

"I? I shall have five thousand pounds."

"But I was told that the half-million would not go to the Free Church—that it would be divided between you and your cousin."

"Surely you do not think I could take it?"

The girl stared at him without saying a word.

"It does not belong to me. My uncle never meant that I should have it. I have no more right to that money, morally, than you have."

"And you mean that you will give it up?" ejaculated Laura.

"What else could I do? If you said to me, 'Give that sovereign to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and keep that shilling for yourself.' And if by mistake you gave me the shilling instead of the sovereign, and the sovereign for the shilling, would I be entitled to keep the sovereign and hand over the shilling? You can't say you think so for a moment."

"I think you are mad to do such a thing; and any sensible person would say just the same."

"But you cannot understand. My uncle intended——"

"I don't care what your uncle intended. If he did, or meant to do, an insane thing, that is no reason why you should do one too."

"Do you really think it would be honest to keep that money, when it never was intended for me?" asked Alec, slowly.

"It matters very little what I think, for I know very well you won't listen to me. But I suppose what the law gives you is your own, and if you give it away, it will be your own act, and, to my mind, a very foolish one."

"I have written to the executors of the will, saying that I would only take the five thousands, with my share of any residue there may be after the half-million is deducted."

"Oh! Well, I suppose there is no more to be said."

Alec was silent for a minute. Then he started up.

"I am going now. I won't wait for my aunt and Margaret."

Laura rose and gave him her hand. "Don't think I am angry with you," she said, with one of her old bright smiles. "I have no business to be, in any case."

"I am sure if you think it over, you will see that I could do nothing else. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

There was so much he would have liked to say. It seemed so cold, so ungrateful, to part with a conventional "Good-bye," without a word of the past, without a word of the future. But the thoughts in his heart could not be spoken. It was almost as if he had been watching for an hour beside the grave of one whom he had loved.

And Laura was sitting in her old attitude over the fire, struggling hard to keep back her tears.

"I will not cry for him; I will not," she said to herself. "He is not worth it. He is a perfect fool. To fling away all that money! And we might have been so happy! I could not marry a man so poor as he is now; but he might have asked me, all the same. Well," and here the poor girl gave a long-drawn sigh, "I shall never like any one else half so well."

CHAPTER XXXV.

MISS MEREDITH INSISTS ON BEING OBEYED.

It was not until his sister and aunt had left London, that Alec Lindsay began to feel the effect of his imprisonment and of the anxiety he had suffered. His natural energy had vanished. He was content to hang all day over the fire, and began to have a morbid shrinking from intercourse with strangers. He fancied that the taint of the accusation yet

clung to him. His cough had never left him; and he felt more and more indisposed for exertion of any kind. He lived quite alone, often spending whole days without exchanging a word with any human being. The arrangement with Messrs. Hatchett, Small, and Hatchett, had been tacitly abandoned; and he had not been able to decide on taking any fresh step. There was little wonder that living as he did he became gloomy and melancholy, tired of his life and of everything around him.

One afternoon he was surprised by a visit from Hubert Blake.

"My dear fellow, what is the matter with you?" were Blake's first words.

"Nothing, so far as I know."

"You look like a ghost."

"Nonsense."

"You may call it nonsense if you like, but it is true. What are you doing with yourself now?"

"Nothing in particular. A prolonged fit of laziness."

"I doubt if it is laziness. Do you live here all alone, without any regular occupation?"

"I go to the British Museum and read, sometimes."

There was a pause of a minute or two, and then Blake said gravely:

"You are not yourself, Alec. You used to be full of energy and spirits. What has happened to you?"

"Nothing whatever. Please don't go on like that."

"I'm afraid you were harder hit three months ago than we supposed. A man can't come through an experience of that kind without paying for it."

Alec's thin face flushed painfully. Blake saw that his friend wished to be let alone; but he could not help thinking that anything was better for him than the melancholy into which he seemed to be sinking.

"You should not live so much alone," he began again.

"There are very few men I would care to live with. I don't see what else I can do."

"I should take a change—go into the country."

"That would not mend matters."

"Or travel."

"Too much bother."

"But you can't go on like this."

"Why not? Blake, you are very good, but you may as

well let me alone. To tell the truth, I don't care much what happens. I feel as if my life were ended. I don't consider," he went on speaking rapidly, as if he were anxious to finish what he had to say, "that my name can ever be cleared of the taint of the Old Bailey. I fancy men look askance at me. I have no desire to begin life again. My ambitions are dead, and I don't want them to come to life again. What does it matter?"

"All this simply means that you are run down, out of sorts," said Blake, rising to his feet. "You should take a long voyage." Alec shook his head.

"At least come and dine with us at Highgate to-morrow. I have something to tell you."

"Much obliged, Blake; but I'd rather not."

"I do think you might exert yourself as far as that goes," said Blake; but seeing that Alec was very unwilling to accept the invitation, he dropped the subject, and soon afterwards left him.

In a day or two, however, Alec received a note from Sophy Meredith repeating the invitation in such terms that he found it impossible to decline it; and accordingly a few days afterwards he found himself once more at Mr. Blake's house at Highgate.

The master of the house was not present at dinner. It was a late, cold spring; and Mr. Blake found it better to confine himself to his own room. Nothing of importance was said at the dinner-table; but Alec fancied that his hostess seemed brighter and franker than usual, and once or twice he observed a glance passing between her and his friend which he did not quite understand.

When the little party returned to the drawing-room, Miss Elmwood at once settled herself comfortably in an easy chair by the fire, and Sophy went over to the piano. Blake went up to her, to help her to choose some music; and Alec, who was sitting close by, was surprised to see Sophy lay her hand in a familiar way on his friend's arm, looking into his face with a bright smile as she did so. The next instant she caught Alec's look, and blushing deeply, she turned to Blake and whispered, "Did you not tell Mr. Lindsay that we are engaged?"

"No," he whispered in reply. "The fact is, the poor fellow looked so wretched, in mind as well as in body, that I did not

like the idea of flaunting my happiness in his face. But go on playing, and I will tell him now."

Sophy did as she was bid, but her performance had a good many slips in it. Meantime Blake had seated himself beside Alec, and answering his look said, "Yes; Miss Meredith and I have been engaged about a week."

"Why didn't you tell me when you came to see me the other day? But I beg your pardon; I have no business to ask questions like that."

"Not at all, my dear fellow. I—the fact is——"

"Surely you did not think I would grudge you your happiness, or envy you?"

"Not that, certainly; and yet you seemed so depressed, that I did not care to allude to the subject."

"It is a comfort to know that there is some happiness yet in the world. Sometimes it seems to me there is very little of it left. And I am sure few people deserve a share of it better than you and Miss Meredith."

"Don't say that of me, Alec. It is very far from the truth."

"I wish you joy with all my heart."

"You, too, have had your little romance. I remember, at least, that when we were at Loch Long——"

"That is all over," said Alec, quietly, but there was a sad, wistful look in his face. Presently he found an opportunity of congratulating Sophy on her engagement.

"Thank you, Mr. Lindsay. But, do you know, I have something on my mind to say to you. I do hope you won't be offended if I say it."

"That means you are going to lecture me."

"Oh, no."

"Only a spoonful of jam? I fear the pill is there all the same."

"Do you know that is the first thing I have heard you say in your old manner for months. You are not well. I see it plainly. You are very far from well."

"Which is a polite way of saying that I am lazy, moody, and so on, and that I should shake off my melancholy, and set to work at something. I feel I ought to do that; but, to tell the truth, I feel as if I hadn't the spirit to attempt it."

"It seems to me that you are slipping the medicine into the spoon yourself; and besides, the dose you have chosen is one that doesn't suit your complaint. It is the weak state of health

you are in which is to blame. Now, I want you to go and see a doctor."

"I assure you, Miss Meredith, it is quite unnecessary. There is very little, if anything, the matter with me."

"Let us say it is unnecessary. Won't you take the trouble of going, if I ask you?"

"Certainly."

"Then I do ask you."

That, of course, settled the matter; and before Alec left the house Miss Meredith gave him the name and address of the doctor she wished him to consult.

The following morning, accordingly, Alec spent in the physician's waiting-room. The room was nearly full when he entered it; and as most of those present had made appointments beforehand with the doctor, and were consequently preferred, he had more than an hour to wait. There was plenty of time for him to observe his fellow-patients. One little group, in particular, arrested his attention. It consisted of a young man, a few years older than himself, a girl who was evidently his wife, and a child, a merry little fellow about three years old. The young mother was evidently the patient. She was thin and hollow-eyed; the colour came and went in her pallid cheeks, and her cough was sometimes painful to listen to. The husband sat moodily staring before him. The mother busied herself with the child.

As it happened, the boy took a strong fancy for Alec's stick; and after a shy smile and a faint excuse from his mother, the child succeeded in attaining his object. This led to the interchange of a few remarks between Alec and the child's parents, from which it appeared that the young man was a clerk in some mercantile house in the city, and was spending an unexpected holiday in the effort to ascertain exactly what ailed his wife. To Alec it seemed plain that the girl (for she seemed hardly beyond girlhood) was in consumption. The only question was what progress the disease had made.

When it was Alec's turn to enter the consulting-room, he thought that the doctor made a ridiculously minute examination, and asked a number of very unnecessary questions. But he changed his mind when the physician pronounced his verdict. The substance of it was that Alec was in a very precarious state of health; that his lungs were exceedingly delicate, and that he was predisposed to consumption. The prescription was change

of scene and cheerful society in the meantime, and a voyage to Australia or a winter spent in Egypt.

"I see you are tempted to make light of the matter," said the doctor. "All I can say is, that if you go on as you are doing now, you will not be alive this day twelve months. You had better go home now, and get one or two of your relations to take a trip to Ventnor with you. Don't go alone. Good afternoon."

Alec was startled by what he was told; and yet, so deep was his melancholy, that he was conscious of a certain satisfaction in being able to think of his death as an event that was possibly not far off.

He had left the house and had gone some little distance before he noticed that he had taken a wrong turning, and would be forced to retrace his steps. He had gone back nearly as far as the doctor's house, when he met the young couple whom he had noticed in the waiting-room.

Alec was startled by the fierce look in the husband's face. It was the face of a desperate man. He was striding on, apparently without thinking where he was going, dragging his child carelessly by the hand, while his staring eyes and clenched teeth told of the storm that was raging within. His wife trudged on by his side in silence, pale to the lips, with a scared look in her face. Moved by some impulse, Alec stopped right in front of them, and without any formal apology, asked at once:

"What did the doctor say?"

"What did he say? Death. That's what he said. It may be in a year, or it may be in six months. My God!"

The humble city clerk was transformed by misery into something like a madman. He gripped his wife by the arm, as if he would defy death himself to tear her from his side.

"She's all I have, and I can't live without her. I can't, and I won't."

Alec shuddered, but he could not meet the man's eyes, and dropped his own before them.

"And the children; what is to become of them?"

"Come, Tom; come home with me," said his wife, gently, as she tried to release her husband's tightening grasp.

But he did not hear her.

"Ay; and the doctor says, if she could go to Egypt for a time, or the south of France, her life would be spared. Egypt!

Or the south of France! For a year, he says. Oh, yes, it would save her life. That's the good of being rich, you see. You can buy your wife's life."

"What is your name? Where do you live?" said Alec.

"What have you to do with that?"

"Hush, Tom," put in the girl at his side. "And do let go my arm, you hold me so tight. Tell the gentleman where we live. He won't do us any harm."

But the man, suddenly dropping his wife's arm, strode on without saying another word.

"Tell me the name of your husband's employers; he said he was a clerk in the city," said Alec to the girl, walking on by her side.

"Cole and Fletcher, sir. They're tea merchants in Devizes Street."

"And your name is?"

"Hardy, sir."

"Thank you. Good-day."

There was sympathy in Alec's face, if there was none in his language; and as he slowly walked homewards he asked himself, Why should I not do it? I have all I need; more, probably, than I shall ever wish to use. Of course it is a risk; but I don't think I could do better.

And next morning Thomas Hardy received a short note, which enclosed a cheque for three hundred pounds, signed "Alexander Lindsay."

Reviews.

I.—HENRY THE EIGHTH AND THE ENGLISH MONASTERIES.¹

It is not often that so pleasant a task falls to the lot of the reviewer as to have such a book to notice as Dom Aidan Gasquet's *History of the Suppression of the Monasteries*. "An attempt to illustrate" that history is all that the title-page calls it, but nothing is wanting to entitle the book to the dignity of a history of that immense change in English life. Great diligence, great care, great accuracy, and the gift of skilful grouping and ordering facts, are all evident on the face of this excellent volume. We have but one thing to desire, and that is, that we may soon be placed in possession of the second volume, which shall complete the history of this important subject. Hitherto "the lion has not drawn the lion, but the man has drawn him." The enemies of the monks have described the monks and written on the suppression of their monasteries, and even those who wished to be friendly have had strong prejudices to overcome, and have drawn their information from tainted sources. But when Father Gasquet has finished his work, English writers will have no excuse for injustice, for they will have before them a monograph of this subject, written with palpable honesty and fairness, referring the reader at every turn to the original documents, and showing with simplicity and calmness the injustice of the popular English tradition respecting monks and friars, and their destruction in England.

The volume before us relates to the Suppression of the Lesser Houses only, and it will not be till we have the second volume in our hands that we shall have the full history of the overthrow of the lordly monasteries, such as St. Alban's, Reading, or Glastonbury. To the next volume we must also look for the

¹ *Henry the Eighth and the English Monasteries*. An attempt to illustrate the History of their Suppression. By Francis Aidan Gasquet, Monk of the Order of St. Benedict, sometime Prior of St. Gregory's Monastery, Downside, Bath. Vol. I. London: Hodges, 1888.

account of the martyrdom of the abbots and monks who met their death at Henry's hands. We may expect, therefore—especially after the foretaste that Father Gasquet has given us in his admirable account in the *Dublin Review* of the martyred Abbot Whiting—we may expect that the interest of the book will increase as it proceeds. But the volume we already possess is fascinating reading, and nothing is wanting even for dramatic interest.

Father Gasquet, in the true historical spirit, looks back to find the causes of this great social and religious revolution. He begins with the Black Death of the fourteenth century, which destroyed the clergy, secular and regular, in even larger proportion than the general population. Half England died in one year, 1348-9, and perhaps two-thirds of the clergy. The Religious Houses will have suffered in their discipline from the diminution of their numbers, though perhaps the substitution of young and ill-educated ecclesiastics for the old parish priests may have been a more severe blow to the well-being of the secular clergy. "In numbers, and there can be little doubt also in tone, the various religious bodies had not recovered the ground lost during the year of the Black Death by the time of their ultimate dissolution."

Our author next proceeds to trace the increased power of the Crown, due to the destruction of the nobility in the fratricidal Wars of the Roses. The character of the newly-made nobles, the creation of a class of "officials," who had but to please the King and enrich themselves like jackals on the lion's prey, the widespread distress amongst the people, the royal appointment to all bishoprics, the frightful abuses of non-residence and pluralities, all tended to create a state of things by which the suppression of the monasteries was rendered possible. To these undoubted causes of national deterioration and demoralization, we should be inclined to add the evil effects of the great Western schism. The existence of an Antipope undermined the respect due to the authority of the Pope, and the Kings who had such power in obtaining the recognition in their kingdoms of the successor of St. Peter, learned to impose their own terms on the Pope, and to expect his acquiescence, or to brave his displeasure, in their encroachments on the spiritual power.

The suppression of all the Religious Houses under Henry the Eighth, was not an abrupt proceeding, utterly without precedent. Former kings had regarded the Alien Priories,

which in Canon Law were distinctly Church property, as within their reach. National jealousy, especially in time of war, caused them to be seized, and at last under Henry the Fifth, they were finally suppressed. Their possessions were in the main used for Church purposes, and the precedent was tempting, even to good men. Augustinian property was obtained by Bishop Waynfleet for Magdalen College, Oxford; the Countess of Richmond gave a Benedictine Abbey to Christ's College, Cambridge, and Blessed John Fisher was a party to the appropriation to St. John's College of two convents. Wolsey follows, and the same work is continued on a larger scale. No doubt the Pope's sanction was obtained, and in particular cases the change may have been for the better; but the precedent was set, and King Henry was taught where to look for defenceless men and women, whom he could easily dispossess. Henry testified to Wolsey, "there is great murmuring of it throughout all the realm, both good and bad." When his own turn came, the realm was too thoroughly intimidated to murmur, at least sufficiently loudly to reach the royal ear.

Father Gasquet tells the story of the Holy Maid of Kent, with a certain degree of sympathy in which we fully share. He then relates the glorious stand made against the King's innovations by the Franciscan Friars, who are worthy of all renown. If all England had resisted the royal supremacy as nobly as they did, the King would have failed in his sacrilegious usurpation. If all the Franciscans that died in prison could be identified they would splendidly augment our martyr roll, and in Blessed John Forest, they have a star of unusual brilliancy. The Carthusians follow in the history, though the execution of their priors precedes the death of Friar Forest. The martyrdom of eighteen of the holy inhabitants of the London Charterhouse and the extorted submission of the rest almost ends the story of the resistance of the Religious to Henry's claim to be accepted as the Head of the Church.

The ruin of the Lesser Monasteries soon followed, under cover of loud praise of the Greater Houses, whose doom was, however, sealed in the purposes of Henry and his Minister. Thomas Cromwell had succeeded to Wolsey, and as the King's Vicar-General wielded a double power of unlimited extent with an unscrupulous hand. The character of the agents he employed to hunt up scandals and to manufacture reports against the monks and nuns, is investigated by Father Gasquet in the

most painstaking way. The "Black book," said by Stanley and Froude to have "sent a thrill of horror through the House of Commons," is shown to be apocryphal, and the *Comberta* documents, which are really the notes of the visitors of the monasteries, are examined with judicial fairness. A specimen of the justice that was meted out to the Religious is given in Cromwell's own handwriting in the following note, which shows the exact value of the legal trials, when they were held. "The Abbot of Reading to be sent down to be *tried* and *executed* at Reading with his complices. *Item*, the Abbot of Glaston to be *tried* at Glaston, and *also executed* there with his complices" (p. 407).

It is to be regretted, perhaps, that Father Gasquet should have employed quite such plain words on unpleasant subjects, and we will venture to suggest that in his next edition he should modify them, so as to fit his book for more general reading. And, while making suggestions, we may permit ourselves to ask him not to spell Cromwell's name "Crumwell." It may be very true that he spelled it so himself, but that only proves that it was so pronounced. We cannot say that a man must have known how to spell his own name. And it seems a pity to write Thomas Cromwell's name differently from the Protector's, especially since it is by no means impossible, as was currently said in his own time, that Oliver was descended from Thomas's sister's son, who retook the name.

The Houses of Parliament were packed and prepared, and Father Gasquet shows us the truth of Hallam's statement, that "Both Houses yielded to every mandate of Henry's imperial will," and their obsequiousness and venality were shameless. The accounts here given of the preparation of these royal instruments of iniquity by packing the two Houses are very interesting and instructive. And so is the whole volume, in which is related more fully than can be found elsewhere, as well as far more truthfully, the whole narrative of the most gross theft ever committed by the strong hand of reckless power from the innocent and the helpless, from the Religious and from the poor, whose trustees and guardians they were.

J. M.

2.—HUNOLT'S SERMONS.¹

We have already noticed (August, 1886) the first two volumes of Father Hunolt's Sermons, in which he treats of the Christian State of Life and the Duties of the Christian; we have now before us the third and fourth volumes, in which he turns from what the Good Christian ought to be to what the Bad Christian too often is. The Sermons are a series of discourses on sin and the various forms of sin. We do not say that they exhaust their subject, for this unfortunately is impossible, but they treat it with very great thoroughness and no sin is omitted which can be briefly treated from the pulpit. He illustrates the different views taken of the faults of men by the following curious but appropriate simile.

How is it that the same food and drink is bad for one, and good for another? The one is healthy and strong, although his food is coarse and common; the other, although he has the healthiest, choicest food every day, is always pale, thin, and delicate. What is the reason of that? The one has a healthy stomach which digests the food it receives, and converts it into flesh and blood; the other has a delicate stomach, which converts even the daintiest food into bile and evil humours. "So it is with us mortals," says St. Augustine, "we suspect, judge, and speak of others according to our own interior dispositions." We measure our neighbour's shoe by our own last. He whose soul is in a good state interprets the actions of others in a good sense; he whose soul is corrupted by faults and sins sees nothing but evil, even in the good that others do (vol. ii. p. 342).

Father Hunolt's style is spirited, interesting, searching, practical, sufficiently mingled with illustration and anecdote to hold the attention of his hearers, but never really losing sight of his main object. Sometimes, perhaps, he allows himself some little liberty in the introduction of collateral matter in the adaptation of his stories to his subject, but we do not regard that as a fault. His examples are of a kind that will "stick," and have the merit of being at the same time familiar and picturesque. Our best plan is to give a couple of examples in order that our readers may judge for themselves.

¹ *The Bad Christian*; or, Sermons on the Seven Deadly Sins, and the different Sins against God and our Neighbour which flow therefrom. In Seventy-Six Sermons. By the Rev. Father Francis Hunolt, S.J. Translated from the original German Edition of Cologne, 1740, by the Rev. J. Allen, D.D. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers, 1888.

Speaking of those who reject light, he says :

I go into a house and find a man sitting there in a dark room, with the shutters closed, so that not the least ray of sunshine can reach him. I ask the people of the house what is the matter with him. Oh, they say, he has been like that for the last month. But has he done anything wrong? No; he has not done anything wrong. Well then, I say, let the poor fellow have a little comfort; open the windows, that he may have some light at least. We are willing to do so, they say, but he does not want the light; he went into that room of his own accord, and shut up the door and windows, and if we even bring him in a candle, he blows it out. Oh, I think, if that is the case, he is not right in his mind; nor have I any pity for him because he has his own way. My dear brethren, that is the manner in which many Christians act. The light of the Holy Ghost shines in all places; "He enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world," and is ready to instruct every one in good and to impel him to it; but many creep away and hide themselves in the darkness so as to avoid this light; they shut up all the windows and doors of their hearts, so that it cannot penetrate into them; they love their blindness and ignorance in things that concern God and the duties of a Christian life; they do not desire instruction or enlightenment; they reject all good inspiration; they say like those people in the Book of Job: "Who have said to God: Depart from us, we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways" (vol. ii. pp. 64, 65).

These sermons were preached more than a century and a half ago, and it is curious to read what the preacher says about the fasting practised in his day.

Oh, holy Christianity, which flourished in the early ages of the Church, where art thou gone? I dare not say now how exactly this law of fasting was then observed. But if some of the early Christians were to appear among us, and to compare our lawful way of fasting with theirs, what would they think and say? Do you call that fasting? they would ask. If so, the law was far too strict in our days. We could eat only once a day, and that after sundown, that is, three or four hours after mid-day; we knew nothing of a collation (and St. Bernard testifies that, in his time, that was the ordinary manner of fasting amongst Christians of all classes), we were forbidden to use wine, as well as meat; we could eat nothing but vegetables and pulse boiled in oil: nay, as long as this penitential season lasted, most of us were not content with merely observing that strict law, but we added other austerities of our own. . . .

Ah, Christians of our own day, have we not reason to be ashamed of ourselves? The Church, like an indulgent mother, has been forced to mitigate the ancient severity of the law of fasting, on account of the decrease of fervour and charity on the part of her children. She

concedes now as much to our weakness, as if she tried to adapt herself to our sensuality. The way in which we fast, according to which we are allowed to use wine, and to make a full meal every day on eggs, butter, and milk-meats, along with all kinds of fish, and besides that, a collation in the evening, ought to be called rather a means of preserving health, than a work of penance (vol. i. pp. 269, 270).

We fear that Father Hunolt would have still more reason to complain in the present day when fasting has been still further mitigated, and is likely by degrees, in deference to the weakness of modern stomachs, to be more easy still.

We are glad to hear that Father Hunolt's first two volumes have already reached a Third Edition. We believe that the present set will be equally popular. They are full of sound matter, and the mere fact that after so long a time they have been judged worthy of translation by one who shows himself master of excellent and forcible English, is the best argument in their favour.

3.—REGINALD POLE.¹

The life of Cardinal Pole must always occupy an important position in the history of England. The nobility of his descent, the reputation which he acquired as a scholar on the revival of literature, his influence in the deliberations at the Vatican and at Trent, and, above all, the prominent part which he occupied in the reconciliation of England to the Holy See after the schism of Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth, invest him and everything connected with him with exceptional interest. The impression has been generally entertained, therefore, and correctly, that a life of the great Cardinal, if treated with the care and scholarship which the subject deserves, would be welcomed by a large section of the English public. The want has long been felt, and notwithstanding the labours of Dr. Lee, the want still exists.

There are many complaints which we might bring against this most unsatisfactory production, but its defects are so prominent that it seems scarcely necessary to point them out. The book is not a life of Cardinal Pole, the title is a misnomer; its leading drift and chief aim is to bring forward and to advocate the peculiar theories with which Dr. Lee has so conspicuously

¹ *Reginald Pole*, Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury. An historical sketch, with an Introductory Prologue and Practical Epilogue. By F. G. Lee, D.D. London: 1888, 8vo.

identified himself. A Prologue of thirty-eight pages, and a Practical Epilogue of the same length on "Corporate Reunion," besides frequent passages dispersed with a most liberal hand throughout the entire volume, let us see the primary idea with which it is written. Pole as an individual, his education, life, character, actions, plans, sufferings, and death, are thrust into the background. Dr. Lee has not taken the trouble to consult the sources of the Cardinal's biography, which ought to have formed the groundwork of his volume; and he has no sympathy with those principles of faith and morals which formed the guides of Pole's conduct as a politician and a Christian. His correspondence was collected and edited with great care in five volumes by Cardinal Quirini in 1754. Dr. Lee refers to it twice, and on one of these occasions he misprints the author's name. In 1764 an excellent Life of Pole was published at Oxford by Thomas Phillips; a work which, if not unknown, is at least disregarded in "All Saints' Vicarage, York Road, Lambeth."

4.—FALLACIES OF HENRY GEORGE.¹

This pamphlet deals, in a quiet, philosophic way, with a question which, at the present day, it is difficult to approach in the spirit of philosophic calm, so violently are men's minds agitated with the controversy that is raging. The land question has, it is well known, received a solution at the hands of Mr. Henry George, a solution which has been accepted in some quarters with far greater favour than is warranted by its merits as a scientific theory. Briefly, the author contends that private ownership springs only from man's individual labour, that land is not the product of human labour, and therefore cannot rightly be the property of individuals, but ought to be held in common by the State. From it the State, as universal landlord, should gather the whole taxation in the shape of rent.

To the above theory Father Higgins replies by showing how human production is not the sole title to ownership, and that if it were, the consequences would reach further than mere property in land, and would lead finally to the sweeping principle of Proudhon, that all property is theft. If a man makes himself a dinner, but out of materials which he has

¹ *Fallacies of Henry George Exposed and Refuted.* By the Rev. E. A. Higgins, S.J., President of St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati. St. Xavier's Conference, Box 107, Cincinnati.

never legitimately acquired, he cannot be said to have a right to the dishes. In no case can man be a creator; he must work, if work he does, on materials which are not of his own producing; which, therefore, he has not got by the right of labour, but by some other title. Land is like anything else, it is a product of nature, upon which man may work, and so become a wealth-producer. Now, in order that this most needful industry may be satisfactorily carried out, it is requisite that there should be some title whereby the soil may become the secure possession of some owner, who has a right to exclude all others from infringing on his domain. Such title Father Higgins finds, not in labour, but in a Divine ordination, that man should have a right to his share of the means of subsistence which the Creator has provided on this earth. "The origin of property is to be found, in last analysis, in man's right to self-preservation, his need of the gifts of nature for the support of his life, and therefore his right to take, use, and consume them, and finally his personal, individual independence, which gives him the moral power or faculty of so possessing and using what he needs as to exclude others. Briefly, the origin of ownership is man's right to live, and, therefore, to the necessities of life." How this doctrine is established should be studied in the forty-seven pages which Father Higgins has devoted to its proof. He writes clearly and forcibly, putting seasonable truths in a light by which all may read. Hence we strongly commend his work.

5.—LIFE OF ST. PETER CLAVER.¹

We are indebted to Father Hoeber for a little book which appears at a most appropriate time. St. Peter Claver is one of the three Jesuits whom the voice of infallibility has just enrolled in the canon of the saints. St. Peter Claver is best known to us as the Apostle of the Negroes, a title earned by nearly forty years of unwearying toil amongst the slaves, in his time brought over in shiploads to live a life of misery and die a hopeless death on the shores of South America. More than three hundred thousand negroes were baptized and converted by St. Peter Claver, who in his thirst for souls, counted no labours too great, no sacrifice too costly, in order to enlighten the spiritual darkness and ameliorate the physical condition of

¹ *Der heilige Peter Claver, Apostel der Neger und Carthagenas.* Festgabe zur Heiligsprechungs-Feier. Von Ferdinand Hoeber, S.J. Dülmen, 1888.

these unhappy beings. The biography before us describes in a picturesque and touching manner how, as soon as a vessel laden with its living freight entered the harbour, he would hasten on board, his countenance beaming with holy joy, his arms extended to embrace the swarthy and repulsive savages who were huddled together on deck, or in a filthy hold, seeking with loving caresses, and gifts of cakes or fruits, to win their confidence before telling them of the God and Saviour whose minister he was. While his days were devoted to the work of evangelization, his nights were spent in prayers and in scourgings. His whole career was a fulfilment of his constant entreaty, *Amplius, Domine, amplius!*—More souls to save, more sufferings to endure! Even when his strength gave way, and his limbs, weakened by a wasting fever, could no longer support his extenuated frame, during the closing months of his life, he had no gentle hand to nurse him with loving tenderness, but he was abandoned to the care of a wretched negro, who cruelly neglected and maltreated the apostle of his race.

Father Hoefer's excellent and vigorous style adds not a little to the interest that the life of such a saint naturally arouses, and we strongly recommend it to all who desire to know the sort of life that the Jesuit missionary sets before himself as his ideal.

6.—RECENT PUBLICATIONS OF THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

The Catholic Truth Society is doing so much for the interests of Catholic literature, not in England alone, but throughout the world, that we cannot pass over its publications merely with the notice of a few lines in the Literary Record. It has of late established an agency in Australia, which promises to be very successful, and though we believe that it has not yet extended its network of organism to the United States, we understand that its Secretaries are in communication with an American bookseller with that object, and we hope soon to hear of tens of thousands of its various publications being sown like good seed in the boundless field on the other side of the Atlantic.

In the Controversial Series has appeared a most valuable collection of letters from the late Serjeant Bellasis, bearing on the question of Anglican Orders, and entitled, *Was Barlow a*

*Bishop?*¹ Allowing the genuineness of the Lambeth document, he gives a mass of evidence tending to show that Barlow himself was never consecrated, and, moreover, that Parker's consecration by Barlow was invalid from the very fact that Barlow did not believe in the necessity of episcopal consecration. We recommend our readers to peruse Serjeant Bellasis' arguments for themselves.

We noticed briefly in our last number the three Lives of the Jesuit Saints² that the Society has so opportunely issued. We have since received them joined together in a convenient little volume (if volume it can be called) of some eighty pages bound in leatherette. The Lives have the advantage of being written by members of the same Society. Two of them are by Father Goldie, who has already written a Life of St. John Berchmans, and is occupied with one of St. Peter Claver, and whose interesting introduction of historical details gives additional interest to all that he writes.

In another sixpenny volume are collected together a number of short Catholic tales,³ already published in penny numbers. We have noticed most of them as they appeared, and we need only add that among the authors are Lady Herbert, Rose Mulholland, Father Cologan, and Lady Clare Feilding.

The Society has also added to the number of its useful little penny publications, a biography of *St. Thomas of Canterbury*.⁴ It is not easy to get into so short a sketch anything more than the mere outlines of a career so full of incident, and so replete with edification; and we must congratulate Father Goldie on the success with which he has acquitted himself of the task.

Besides its pamphlets, the Catholic Truth Society are issuing a number of leaflets, large and small, which we cannot notice in detail, and also pictures beautifully executed, and marvellously cheap, of St. Alphonsus, the three Jesuit Saints, B. Clement Hofbauer, C.S.S.R., and of the reigning Pontiff. Thus its work gradually extends itself, and as its productions are cheap and good, it needs no prophet to augur for it, under God's blessing, a continued prosperity and a sphere of labour advancing con-

¹ *Was Barlow a Bishop?* By Mr. Serjeant Bellasis. Being Letters from an Anglican, since become a Catholic. London: Catholic Truth Society.

² *Jesuit Saints of 1888*: Being Lives of St. Peter Claver, St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, and St. John Berchmans, Canonized by Leo XIII. January 15, 1888. London: Catholic Truth Society.

³ *The Catholic's Library of Tales*. Edited by James Britten, Hon. Sec. Catholic Truth Society. London: Catholic Truth Society.

⁴ *St. Thomas of Canterbury* (Biographical Series). By the Rev. Francis Goldie, S.J. Catholic Truth Society.

tinually both in the number and character of its publications, and in the field over which they are spread among English-speaking Catholics throughout the world.

7.—MAD.¹

Mad is a clever novel, decidedly above the average of the seven hundred and odd works of fiction that annually flood the English world. The principal characters are well and firmly drawn and invested with strong individuality—something more than mere lay figures ready with a change of dress to do duty in the author's next production. The picture of Philadelphian society in which the Charlton family moves, could not, we imagine, have been drawn by any one not well acquainted with American ways, and no one but an American would have had the courage to reveal the fact that the American girl is a born flirt. The evolution of the story transports us to many places of which we often get a sufficiently graphic description, the best and freshest of these being, we think, that of Creekville and its neighbourhood.

But though the story has these and many other good points about it, we must say that a realistic novel, even though written as this is with highest of moral ends, has many obvious dangers, and we cannot think that they have been avoided here. And besides, the atmosphere of the book is in some parts too sombre. The three principal characters, the story of whose fate engrosses two-thirds of the whole book, either live, or live and die in gloom. Lelia Charlton, after ruining the married life of her sister Ethel by stealing away her husband's love, murders her and her infant child. Over her after-career a veil had best be drawn; its end the author shall describe for us.

Morning came, and the light of a wet sky made day in that mean garret. There were the fragments of a shattered pistol scattered on the floor; the door was split, the frame-work of the window missing; there were red drops and splashes, hideous traces of a pelting rain and gory particles upon the grimy walls about the bed; and, on the saturated straw there was a naked female corpse distorted by the first strong cramp of cholera; the face was little more now than a skull, and the right arm had been blown to shapeless pulp by an explosion of dynamite (p. 461).

The hero, Count Hugo di Santa Barbara, a really noble character, marries out of a foolish sentimental notion a girl

¹ *Mad*. A Novel. By the Marquis Biddle-Cope, Author of *Grey of Greybury*.

whom he does not love, only to find himself fascinated by her younger sister, Lelia. The love scenes between Hugo di Santa Barbara and Lelia Charlton cannot do any one good. There is about them that same voluptuous passion which has repelled not a few readers of Dr. Haggard's books. The tale of the Count's repentance and death is very beautiful.

We hope the Marquis Biddle-Cope will give us many another novel. He has a ready and easy pen, a large knowledge of the world, and just that kind of imagination which enables him to people his books with men and women as we know them. But we hope too that his next story will have less of passion about it and more of that bright human life which, with its faults and foibles, its little heroisms and brave deeds, ought to be the staple of the novelist. Of such Catholic works of fiction we have but too few.

8.—THE COURT OF RATH CROGHAN.¹

It may be pleaded in behalf of the historical novel that, while affording an insight into the events of the past to those who are precluded from historical studies, it frequently originates a taste for more solid reading. In the volume under review the author develops, with no slight evidences of dramatic power, the fatal complications which culminated in the Anglo-Norman raid, the beginning of that long tale of woes which have made Ireland the Niobe of nations. As the unfolding of the plot brings us to the catastrophe, we are saddened at beholding the power of national self-vindication paralyzed by the petty quarrels and personal piques of rival dynasts, and, though reluctantly, must own that the ter-centenary struggle with the Norse invaders who met with their Waterloo at Clontarf, had failed to awaken the Irish Gael to the consciousness of a common nationality. Records of a much more recent date compel the conclusion that Gaelic patriotism, if indeed it may so be called, was cribbed and confined within the limits of the sept or clan, thus affording an easy triumph to the *divide et impera* policy of England. Had the forces frittered away in intestine broils combined, under an able leader, against the ruck of adventurers whose success in carving out for themselves a principality mainly determined the subsequent expedition of Henry and of his mail-clad host, it is a

¹ *The Court of Rath Croghan ; or, Dead, but not Forgotten.* By M. L. O'Byrne. Dublin : M. H. Gill and Son, 1887.

possible contingency that, within an interval protracted somewhat by the physical geography of the island, yet comparatively brief, the fortune of war might have closed a conflict which has dragged its weary length for centuries. We had then perhaps been spared that sickening series of atrocities which mark the progress of the English conquest of Ireland. Even had victory sided with the native levies, the invaders could hardly have been dislodged from the strongholds on the sea-board, which, whatever their origin, had long since been Danish settlements whose inhabitants fused readily with the Anglo-Normans, not only on account of racial affinity, but of their municipal institutions and commercial spirit. But the history of what might have been leads to results hardly less substantial than the ethnic legends the author accepts as records of fact. The sad realities of mediæval and later Irish history naturally invite us to dwell on the contrast presented by the glories discernible in the dim vista of a remote past ; but it must be borne in mind that if, *par impossible*, the social institutions of Ireland, on the eve of the invasion, were coeval with the Pyramid of Cheops or the tile-inscriptions lately unearthed on the site of Nineveh, their doom when brought into collision with a higher stage of political development was inevitable, and the leading *dramatis personæ*, whose characters, be it said, are delineated conformably with historical truth, sink into comparative insignificance. McMurrough is painted none too black, but we are glad to see that the author acquits him of the abduction of Dervorgal, as it is far more probable that this lady had, in accordance with Irish custom, thrown herself upon the protection of the Leinster king. It may further be pleaded in extenuation that he was by no means the first Irish prince to seek auxiliaries beyond the four seas of Erin, nor was his act at that time, in a state too of tribal society, regarded in the same light as in modern times.

We fully appreciate the ability, the patriotism, and deep Catholic spirit evidenced by this tale ; we must, however, add that, like good old Homer, the author nods now and then. As the Angelus bell was set tolling by a Bull of John the Twenty-Second, A.D. 1327, it could hardly have been heard on the banks of the Liffey in the twelfth century. Further, the earliest mention of the "water of life" to be met with in our annals, occurs in the Four Masters only in the first decade of the fifteenth century. That our ancestors brewed we have abundant evidence, but the process of distillation is nowhere mentioned

before the fourteenth century. These, however, are but trifles in comparison with the mistakes in spelling, which stand in painful contrast with the unquestionable excellences of the work. They betray either the incompetence of the reader, or a too perfunctory revision of the proofs by the author: how else could the antependium of an altar appear as "antependulum" (*sic*), or epenthetic *i*'s suggest the suspicion of a "corrupt following" of the Cockney dialect?

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

FATHER VASSALL has compiled a handy *Life of the Blessed Clement Hofbauer*,¹ the Redemptorist missionary, who has been lately raised to the altars of the Church. Like all the Saints, Blessed Clement was a man of very decided character, and at the same time had the knack of winning all hearts by his gentleness and charity. He was born of poor parents, and had many difficulties to contend with on his road to the priesthood. He had a great devotion to the sick, and a gift of bringing them to penance. Blessed Clement did a great work in the spread of his Congregation north of the Alps, in Austria, Germany, Poland, and Switzerland, as well as his unceasing missionary labours in Vienna. Father Vassall says with truth that he was the greatest missionary Vienna had seen since the days of Canisius. We have already noticed the larger *Life* by Father Haringer, and need add nothing further here than an assurance to our readers that they will find this little book written in an interesting style, and full of well-chosen anecdotes of the Saint's life.

We could not have a clearer proof of the gullibility of the Protestant public than their acceptance unchallenged of the statements of such a very foolish and inaccurate person as Mr. C. H. Collette. He has lately made an attempt to reply to Mr. C. F. B. Allnatt's *Cathedra Petri*, and we are glad he has done so for two reasons. In the first place, it shows the correct-

¹ *The Life of the Blessed Clement Mary Hofbauer.* By Rev. O. R. Vassall, C.S.S.R. James Duffy and Sons.

ness of what we had known from other sources to be the case, that Mr. Allnatt's book is doing a good work in convincing those outside the Church by its unanswerable quotations and arguments. Besides this, Mr. Collette advertises his own ignorance and incapacity, and this is the kindest excuse we can make for the disregard of fact and truth of that distinguished enemy of Popery. Some examples of these Mr. Allnatt has collected into a pamphlet,² and if our reader desires to judge of the sort of men employed by the Protestant Alliance, and the sort of weapons they employ, he will find in its pages plenty of materials for his judgment.

*Darkness and Daylight*³ is commendable for its matter and sentiment, rather than for its metric structure. The authoress seems to have trusted herself entirely to her ear, and to her excellent and kindly feelings. We have made to rhyme together such words as "morn" and "dawn," "merged" and "surge," "sun" and "turn"; and there is a want of smoothness in a number of the lines. But these are things in which practice will lead to perfection; and we wish to Libra a successful career in the realms of poesy, and an unbroken progress on the path up the mountain where the muses dwell.

This publication of twenty songs⁴ set to airs which are in most cases far more ancient than the words, may be hailed by the well-wishers of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language as a token of steady progress. We cannot but congratulate them on having secured the services of Dr. Joyce, whose name is a guarantee for accurate and scholar-like workmanship. Our musical readers will find the melodies most expressive, with an under-current of profound melancholy. Most of the songs are accompanied by a metrical translation adapted to the musical notation.

A dainty little volume⁵ comes to us from the firm of Messrs. Desclée, containing the Lives of the lately canonized Jesuit Saints. These Lives have the merit of brevity and clearness; the style is pure; the printing and binding excellent. An interesting incident is told in the Life of St. Peter Claver. A

² *Specimens of Protestant Controversy*. London: Burns and Oates.

³ *Darkness and Daylight: Songs of the East*. By Libra. London: Baldock and Co., 1888.

⁴ *A Collection of Songs in the Irish Language, set to Music*. Edited by P. W. Joyce, LL.D., M.R.I.A. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1888.

⁵ *Les Nouveaux Saints de la Compagnie de Jésus*. Par le P. F. Rouvier, S.J., Société Saint-Augustin. Lille: Desclée et Cie., 1888.

shipload of English and Dutch prisoners—Protestants all—were put ashore at Carthage, and among them the Protestant Archdeacon of London. Through St. Peter Claver's zeal, prayers, and endeavours, all the prisoners were converted, the Archdeacon included.

Canon Duckett has printed, under the title of *The Skein Unravelled*,⁶ a most useful series of Lectures on the Fundamentals of Religion, delivered at the Catholic Church at Norwich. He begins by showing how the wish to believe is a necessary element in the finding of truth, and he then proceeds to prove, step by step, the existence of God, the necessity of Revelation, and of a Church, and the claims of the Catholic Church, and that only, to be the Church of God. The last four Lectures deal with special doctrines of the Church, and are intended by way of explanation, and to clear away difficulties. These Lectures are the best attempt we have ever seen to put into popular language and concise form the steps by which a Catholic proceeds to prove from the truths of nature those of revelation. They are an excellent summary of the argument, and we hope they will be widespread and carefully weighed by Protestants and Catholics.

Mrs. Morgan O'Connell has written an account of Father Dominic of the Rosary,⁷ the patriot Friar, born in 1595. It is a history of the times rather than of the man, and traces him in his work at various Courts of Europe, where he devoted himself to promoting religion, and furthering the cause of Ireland. He was an author too, and wrote a book on the persecutions in Ireland. But his great work was the establishment of a College for the exiled Dominicans at Lisbon. Soon after its completion he was appointed, at the age of sixty-seven, Bishop of Coimbra, but he did not live to take possession of his see. Within the same covers we have a brief account by Mr. J. G. Barry of Sir John Bourke of Brittas, Martyr, who was taken prisoner by the English, and put to death by them for the faith at Garryowen, in 1607.

Lent and Holy Week quickly pass, and as they hasten by every good Catholic ought to entertain and encourage thoughts

⁶ *The Skein Unravelled*. A Course of Lectures, in the form of a Dialogue, on the main points of Christianity. By Very Rev. Canon Duckett. London: Jarrold, 3, Paternoster Buildings, and Norwich.

⁷ *For Faith and Fatherland*. Father Dominic of the Rosary. Sir John Bourke of Brittas, Martyr. By Mrs. M. J. O'Connell and James G. Barry. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

corresponding to the holy season. In this duty he will be greatly aided by a tiny volume of *Passing Thoughts for Lent and Holy Week*,⁸ in which are presented for our pious meditation four appropriate scenes from the Life of our Lord, with many a holy thought which we hope will not be merely a passing thought, but will take root in the mind of the reader, and bear fruit to life eternal.

*The Praises of Heroes*⁹ is a graceful volume of thoughtful verse. The heroes whose praises are sung are true heroes indeed—the great and courageous saints and martyrs of Christ. The English Catholic reader will be pleased to see among the number of the “Heroes” many Saxon and Welsh saints: thus in “The Praise of Fortitude” St. Hugh of Lincoln is sung; in “The Praise of Royalty” St. Edmund, King and Martyr; in “The Praise of Unity” St. Osmund; in “The Praise of Preaching” St. Dubricius; and in “The Praise of Virginity” St. Winefride—so well known and so loved even now in Wales. In this latter poem, we may remark, some confusion is caused by the promiscuous use of the names “Guenvrede” and “Winefride.” Perhaps one of the best written pieces in the book is “The Praise of Truth,” in dramatic form. It runs very smoothly. It relates a conversation supposed to take place between St. Peter, Bishop of Alexandria, and Arius and Meletius, and tells of the Saint’s imprisonment and death. The tone and spirit of the volume are excellent.

Dr. Méric, Professor of Moral Theology at the Sorbonne, has written a little book¹⁰ to prove that the Blessed will recognize each other in Heaven, and it has lately been translated into English. To many the question will not be one of very great interest, we know that we shall see God face to face, and this is enough, and more than enough. We know that we shall recognize our Lady and the Apostles and Martyrs and Confessors. But yet there are many Catholics who fancy that Heaven would lack an element of happiness unless they recognized those with whom they lived and whom they loved here on earth. To such this little book will give great consolation. It is a legitimate desire to recognize father or mother, brother or sister, wife or child, and it is a desire that certainly will be gratified. But we

⁸ *Passing Thoughts for Lent and Holy Week*. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

⁹ *The Praises of Heroes*. By T. B. A. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

¹⁰ *The Blessed will know each other in Heaven*. By M. l’Abbé Elie Méric, D.D., Professor of Moral Theology at the Sorbonne, Paris. Translated from the French by Mrs. J. Ringer. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

must be on our guard on anything that would imply that natural affection of earth will have any weight in comparison with the supernatural love of Heaven. The title of this book might seem to imply this, and we are glad to see that the author lays down the true doctrine in his pages.

The admirers of Father Faber's writings (and what good Catholic can fail to admire them?) will be interested in a Birthday-book,¹¹ which chooses for the motto of every day some extract from his poems or prose. Every one will be glad to see what message he has for them, and for the matter of that, for their friends as well.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* continues to inveigh against the modern system of education in Germany. Protestant religious instruction in its present form cuts at the root of Christianity, by virtually denying the existence of God. The officially approved text-books assert it to be at the most a matter of probability, a pious belief founded on the testimony of the Bible; meanwhile they do not state on what the authority of the Bible rests, nor what claim the commandments of a possible mythical Deity have on man's obedience. The effect of such teaching on the children of Protestants is to produce unbelief and contempt of religion; nor can the faith of Catholic scholars altogether escape its deleterious influence. To write the history of the Councils is to write the history of the Church, a colossal work, undertaken and ably performed by Bishop Hefele. And when after completing seven volumes, he announced that he could no longer carry it on, a worthy successor was found in Cardinal Hergenröther, whose first volume is reviewed by Father Braunsberger. It treats of the period subsequent to the conflicting decisions of the Councils of Basil and Florence, when the current of public feeling ran high in opposite channels, papal and antipapal, until the supremacy of the Papacy was fully established by the Œcumenical Lateran Council. The critique on the late Father Jungmann's work on *Æstheticism*, as regarded from a scientific and Christian standpoint, is continued. The essay is the result of thoughtful study, and will well repay the careful reader. The history of the Cistercian Abbey of Bronnbach—in which the secession of the Abbot and

¹¹ *The Faber Birthday Book*. Compiled by H. B. Laurie. London: Washbourne.

six monks to Protestantism forms a melancholy episode—is concluded in the *Stimmen*. The Church lands have become the property of the House of Loewenstein, but the church itself, which has stood the vicissitudes of seven centuries, still sees the Holy Sacrifice offered daily within its walls. In Spain, where heresy never took root, the mystery-plays and devotion-dramas were not abolished as in other European countries at the time of the Reformation, but religious dramatic art continued to flourish, until it reached its highest perfection in the classic master-pieces of Calderon. The works of this author, to which Father Baumgartner now calls our attention, were little known beyond his own country until, a century after his death, Schlegel and Goethe recognized in them the stamp of genius. Though unsuitable for production on the stage in the present day, they deserve to be read and studied by all who appreciate poetic taste, dramatic power, and religious feeling.

Dr. Joeppen's essay, concluded in the current number of the *Katholik*, on the lawfulness and necessity of the oath for confirmation of a promise or assertion, completely answers the arguments of those who wish to see it abolished on conscientious or social considerations. He exposes the true motive of the objections urged against it; it is distasteful to the pride of man, it humiliates him, reminding him of his fallen state and need of supernatural help. The attention of the reader is directed to Dr. Brück's *History of the Catholic Church in Germany during the Nineteenth Century*, the first volume of which has just appeared. It supplies a want long felt, and will do much to correct the false opinions entertained and promulgated by Protestants, and even some Catholics, with regard to the condition of ecclesiastical matters at the commencement of the present century. This trustworthy and impartial narrative of oppression of religious corporations and secularization of Church property at that period, shows the *Kulturkampf* to be no new thing, and proves the Church to have been then as it is now, always persecuted, and always in the end victorious. The political condition and administrative government of Palestine subsequent to the loss of Jewish independence, and especially during the life-time of Christ, forms the subject of a short article. We must also mention a biographical notice of a German bishop of celebrity who filled the see of Worms in the latter half of the fifteenth century, the high-born and gifted Von Dalberg; and a brief account of some ecclesiastics and religious

communities who found a refuge in the Catholic city of Mayence at the time of the Reformation.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (902) expresses its regret that among all the Powers, civil and religious, who have met to pay homage to the Supreme Pontiff, one alone, that which rules and is supposed to represent Italy, should be wanting. A great national pilgrimage has, however, testified to the feeling of the people, and the gifts presented by the city of Rome, as the centre of Catholicity, the metropolis of Christendom, are rich and valuable, as also are the offerings of other Italian cities. The scientific notes in the same issue contain an account of the discoveries and inventions of Edison in connection with electricity, and some remarks on the frequency and ease wherewith water becomes a sure channel for communicating the germs of contagious diseases to the human system. In an article on *Anti-clericalism* the *Civiltà* shows that this term, applied to the war now waged by the Liberals against religion, is synonymous with *anti-Catholicism*, hostility to the faith of Christ and to His Vicegerent on earth. This is the work, not of the Government, which knows that the Papacy commands the moral support and protection of all the European Powers, but of the Freemasons, who call themselves Italians, while they are Jews at heart; Liberals, while they refuse liberty to all but their own partisans; patriots, while they endeavour to stir up discontent and disaffection. The article on political economy discusses the question of the distribution of wealth, or the division of profits between the proprietor of the land, the capitalist, and the labourer respectively, in the form of rent, profit, and wages. Justice requires that the interest of no class should suffer, but we fear it is generally true that, however enormous the gain of the employer, the wages of the employed are reduced to the lowest possible figure. An interesting and detailed account of the gifts exhibited in the Vatican will be found in the pages of the *Civiltà* (Nos. 902, 903, 904). We have read with much interest the two first instalments of a short biography of P. Malagrida, the Apostle of Brazil, appearing in the *Civiltà*. The memory of this illustrious Jesuit missionary and martyr has been obscured by calumny; comparatively few are aware of his eminent sanctity, the many miracles he performed, the vast success of his labours for the salvation of souls in both the Old and New World. Having incurred the displeasure of Pombal, the persecutor of the Society of Jesus in Portugal, he was by his orders put to death by fire in Lisbon, in 1761.

It gives us very great pleasure to congratulate the Fathers of the various French Provinces of the Society of Jesus on the re-appearance of the *Etudes Religieuses*. Its discontinuance at the time of their exile was a distinct loss to Catholic literature ; and we may count it a happy augury that the re-issue of a periodical so valuable in itself and so devoted to the cause of the Vicar of Christ should occur—the coincidence being, we are informed, entirely unpremeditated—at the moment when the whole of Christendom pays its tribute of homage to Leo the Thirteenth. The new number of the *Etudes* contains much varied and interesting matter ; the opening article, extolling the Holy Father's encouragement of literary merit and scientific research, is an effective reply to the reproach brought against the Church of being behind the age, an enemy to intellectual progress and the advance of knowledge. In another article, on the Gospel miracles, the credulity of the unbeliever who ascribes to natural causes the cures effected by a simple act of volition on the part of the God-Man, is contrasted with the intelligent faith of the Christian. The value of biblical exegesis and the need of apologists to combat the rising tide of scepticism is excellently discussed by another writer. There is also in this number the first part of an interesting biographical sketch of a loyalist statesman, whose memoirs add a new chapter to the history of the Revolution ; a notice of some of the eulogiums recently showered upon Victor Hugo ; and an account of the last cruise of a young lieutenant who died of cholera during the Chinese expedition of 1885.

The February number of the *Etudes*, equals, if it does not surpass, the January issue in excellence. A considerable portion of its pages is devoted to a biography of Blessed Edmund Campion, as a tribute from his brethren of the French Province to the illustrious martyr, whose panegyric they are prohibited from pronouncing from the pulpit. Father Longhay, with whose name we are already familiar as a writer of no small merit, contributes a sketch of the eloquence of St. Augustine, the orator on whom both nature and grace lavished their choicest gifts. Father de Bonniot's explanations as to the nature of the faith which obtains miracles, that renders miracles possible, are remarkably able and instructive : and in another article we have a statement of the reasons why immunity from military service is the indispensable right and privilege of ecclesiastics.

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